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The Venice of The City Part II:
“DEATH OF THE BOOK”
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“Ah, planed dimly [bis], toss garret arc filed Omega: mad damage model; if crater rags sot-sibyl mid-den Alpha.”

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Entr’acte:
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I

March of The Incommunicable:

Rivers, lagoons, mud in cups held before the last breath, dying from a loss of erudition; ruins, we lay in viscous shades rolling in waves, cracked like glass lobotomies. Return telegraph message, proponent to the raising of vile tides: surely in usury, cascading to deepest gorge of Dis, ill repute for carvers who negate the motion of astral commodity. Given: rapt adoration in lingual formation of complex charades in camaraderie. Illusion: vision of vortex is void. Deliverance: too sinister for voice mobility.

Fuel rages, action nullified. Awkward movement to avoid lethal barbarism. Clanking chains relating a transmuting, effervescent moon communion, defunct crossing of the Divide; living in paper boxes transforming into papal strongholds. Tolling bells—reap the awakening—license the will to feed the voracious, pyramidal Being-power. Deltas world-weary dividing discordantly…

Petals in fiery flake rowing in the roar of kingly dissidence—avowal of seething naught on the brain: nothing like a sky of drear to map out the secular poverty of Entity. Ego League Society, pervasive succor in a lighthouse calm, directed to the newlyweds who deem the day contractual; every fluttering, Bohemian particle is instated in a bond: from Life to Death we pour, oblivion tucked under wing, Limbo in penumbras bending fro, frolicking beneath old shoes.

See how letters stream down the page, the spaces betwixt making dark rivulets? Circles, arches, crosses, points circumnavigating… Alexandria: "What seest thou else in the dark backward and abysm of Time?" Motifs stitched in shifting fabric, to weave is the way—morsels of the grey spectres dispersed over thinly fitted tiles, ash contagion embroidered in a textile historicity; breather of the Muses, defiling Reason: vandalism plagues our Elysium perforating the safety shield.

Vegetation spiralling, vortex in a tree branching confidently; no end to the refulgent gyre pulling my eye in strident visibility: black crystal shape, tarry bark in waxen striations. Minutes in commotion, clamorous revulsion in bilious hysteria: loose ends to the earth's blue symphony, stonewall brought down by insistent militias milking the serenity, ministering to ample Vices. Rebirth brings grass to empty lots, clovers to philosopher bones. Welcome to an exposition of opprobrium in deconstructed verses.

Feline prince, welcome to the maze, you cloaked centurion. Crying like Paganini's raining mutiny of prismatic intonation; isolated diapason cannonades in warrior tones, conformity to the Blacksmith volcano rite: devastated librarian in minced academia—where is the hermetic geneticist? By what gates? Pillars stabbed in the earth around a shrouded hostess who lays face-down in prophecy, woman briar with skin lighter than day, weeping—tangled hair, eyes fair, take me to your secret lair, brush off the grime and unveil a code like sticking a stake in the melancholy heart of a dragon… savagely pillaging the villages, raping the paper moon in its lunar vastness: laic harbor where the arcane stable brings a Modern Renaissance. Script to the human drama written in symbolic episodes. Turn the page.

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II

a)Enter the Baron:

Where do we see these things? Graveyards? Subway stations? Councils? Through the vitreous integument. Look into the orb in pendulum swing traversing the Great Fissure: in cranium shreds we breached the corkscrew drip, murk and misty in nights of demonic carnage. The most vital City we've ravaged in madness, run off to the foulness-exuding firth. Goths, Huns, Vandals: a tearing pulp of holocaustic, crimson Furies, choler strikers… Venetian circles destitute in exile…

Midst the infernal curlicues, significant structures were raised; some were there all the while. Vastly paradisaic Cathedrals. Look harder still, a pyroclastic cloud puffing its ash sputum into the atmosphere bursting with columns of pitch, even this is potentially ambrosial. All Nature is a net of fecundity. No gust of wind of whatever horrendous gravitation or magnitude will ever merit the designation of Wickedness. Only men can do Evil. Vulcan tornadoes break the stone of your Beatific Tower. When suchness pervades your actuality, face your doom or gather your tails for exodus.

It's the terrestrial machinery, the syntax of natural phenomena. A black birth: spiritual lavation. Amorphous shapes in bushy arenas, arcades of timberland extending in tiny rimlets budding: an altogether purgative flora. Battalions in livid ink, bleached by sandstorms, draining down the funnel of hostility where the only end is measured in casualties. Gentle creature at the altar with a wreath for a lost one; unless its so ferocious you have no time to count losses. There's gravity in the temple, monks

gathered round, faces in cavernous hoods, cloaks sheathing them from misery. The antagonist is merciless. Edifices have crumbled, fire is out of the lantern and thrown into the street.

Zeus' chariot precipitating vigorously from heaven high, shattered wood, flying shards, splinters crashing rapidly; who spawned a war against the Gods? Are some Beings so deranged in their spiteful circuits that even paradises suffer? Joan of Arc and Galahad, visionaries bound by supernal dialogue with the cathartic Vertex; and her Sister in the fields cleansing dead bodies. Take a snapshot for home, you can put it on the wall for reminiscence. Much later, anonymous black-gowned councillors would walk serenely in a holy land with estuaries keeping out the thrashing bands.

Our roots are in this exodus, a gnarled token of a ghastly past. Gargoyles and fleur-de-lis interlaced in the scenery. Domes and parabolic windows venturing into the Gnostic plane. Venice thrives today, she says, kneeling, but what's for the following centuries? Camouflaged in twilight cemeteries, Italian scholars whispering frightful news. There's been an assassination. "For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."… one rose from the dead with thorns in disaster…

The sky is a vault which holds the terrestrial plane. In battle, a violin player sits in the trees and plays violent Paganinies… 'torrents fierce' for the confection of human marmalade. St-Mark's Basilica, cathedral supreme, itself a mosaic of episodes, stories who transcend Time, told in music: The Hidden Fresco of Lazarus, not yet discovered.

[*******Until the frames stop shuddering, a climate made of magnanimous rock, flared of belonging to a closet shrubbery, miles and miles about the layers who straddle crayoned bunches, balls of clay immaculately sprawled on the frozen stillness, the dry arcane flowerbowl blasting a frizzled nudge on the edge of flaxen rhythmicisms, closet stares, the fragile stage set on your heart, achest, fluttering, the duality of sheer final momentous flowering, the crunking flutter, positive, enabled in a costume of mixed constituents, the wrap of casual wear, lengthwise strong, puzzled of the bitty dimples, the cropped rotgut, mixed in a selfsize agent brooming the lung septet singing fluid shimmering, the crystal swipe cleaning an antipodal rudder vim shuttle; piled upon the gross laughter, the epithet to the crying mathematical shriek, twisted numbers methodically dispersed along branches and architectural miracles, water jets spewing blind matter wells sluicing bruised about the longitudes in direct contortion to the regent conundrum—a color is spasming drowned bitter with negligees, passed out on the rug of bright yellow flowers, not the rug, the rug is a scarlet mesh frizzled at the edge, with its muzzle on the side flapping a netted congregation of lashes, the deep wine-colored snarl of maisongrass, the ephemers drafting a caustic bustle, the largess off a mastered fiendmonster, on the rave elation, a congrat relaxation, gregarious, much a hustled rustic companionship of rustling buds, sharp in their communion, motivated in spiritual toil; etched glass of many heads, the vision there that stimulates me to tread the millionmile trench, to penetrate the horse's firebreath, laughter like a sick moment ramp slid under the arm that's extended sideways, the arm fullflesh rippling with antagonist shades, a stack flat on the ranch's numeral confection tax, the invisible gimlet maneuvering, trickles lipping a mother's charm in baskets off the coast of Mexico…]

I've seen the network of interlocking gears, the lights and shades uncompartmentalized, branching softly in whisker/whispers, the tragic trafficking of license from red to violet, I take a yellow for my this and a brown is made with a little more of that, spots, daubing cadence jazzing in an ancient throb, the reverence of light and its counterparts, a rivulet of tears, lacrima endorsing a lateral move from panorama start to vista end, the whole meta-global pigeonhole that we all fit in like haystacks watching a fiery sunset.

Thebes, the City of Bacchus, subject to the tyranny of Cleon, Manto; Tiresias' daughter fled… always FLEEING PEOPLE, exodus, Pentateuching out the door to meet my friends… it's not cowardice, it's a kind of soothsaying, saying that you will die if you stay, or some just leave before knowledge of Death, Einstein leaving Germany, left before great danger came… are we completely oblivious to great hazard? Tributaries, the animalistic nature of Dante once he lost his cord, Virgil threw it away, he must be closer to those in Hell, he's too damn human, it's fun to say that.

Hope is in this safe city, a palace, a paradise, high art and erudition; what fiery past have we who yet sleep with windows open our present is a delight; our churches bleed Christine de Pizan extolling Joan of Arc, our sadness makes marionettes of the papacy, seers walk amongst us and we wrestle with ideas about supernothings, dirt and dust made manifest in focused, ambitious examination.

Wine color carpets and draperies intangibly dark; a promontory on which to place your existentialist play. Walking around looking for what you forgot, trying to name the things you are

ignorant of, glass pages in aftermath, flashing in the proportionate hyperbolic wavemaze, the Grace's lace traces, a feel-good offering in separation from shanties of Mesmer-elders, Upanishadic…

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b)Napoleonic Night:

"I declare that I see a great beauty in thine eyes, my Village; your skull, O Death, my city is broken! shattered!" The blood drains out of the cup, sauntering lily pads squint ripples on the water's edge; a city beneath the pond, church bells, stonewalls and gothic architecture. Cubist city, chopped up by the waves on the surface of the lake; The Baron smiles then with mouth agape exclaims, "There will be no more Silence once I've conquered the scenery, my eyes, tired, wired eyes; who hears my cry, why won't the images stop spinning around my head?; I speak to Death, she cries, I run through the woods and climb ladders to the top of a rocky tower; wood chips on the floor of an old shop, a Blacksmith works among the wood from the carpenter who shares the place. Vulcan fire, leather, hell machines, copper buckles, swords, flesh torn in the insipid race towards a Light that you once held in the palm of your hand; Mount Death, climb her to peer over the tower's wall, Baron in your Cupid suit and wave of the hand signifying, 'I wash over the landscape with my hand and it leaves a trace, I covered it with lies, lies; I stole its innocence and stood atop its apex'; I'm the ecstatic one, not the stairs I climbed, the walls, the chairs, none of this is really what we say it is, I see rivers in the trees and ants in an empty sheet of paper, whirlpool reality, streaming riddles puzzles a bushel of Everything; cities, ropes, snares, pestilence,"; we'll have a Baron exclaiming at the top of his lungs, "City, O Voyage City Death, eating herself out from inside! Alabaster purity, perfection, strobe light of desire, haven for amputated souls; the noose is tied, I quiver under the hot metal being poured down my back, the words engraved on my soul, I am mortal, every part of me is a dangling silken string trembling in fear in stupefaction; living with a dry static rush of sound coming out of nowhere, your Being, that subtle flower petal, Beauty by your side, in your sides, inside, and the Room explodes within the walls of the building, the street, the village saintly and grim, Dystopia; people talk too much in this town, I thought it was the perfect place to sit and touch base, but it lied, the people lied: there really is no salvation when you think you've found the perfect way to get it for yourself. Truth, Life, does what it does, we are passers-by."

It happens over and over again, the wheels turning, the riptide churning its emerald surge; modern city, you burning black tarry mess; neon and a crusted laugh bellowing from the sidewalk; watch the sidewalk, the frames of the existential film, the play; watch the figures dancing in the sidewalk, each slab is the perfect existential carving, sculpture; walking dirtied it, sullied it with grime and gum and a newspaper two weeks old from your viewpoint as you walk by all you can see are a couple of upside-down letters in French, you see the word Exit, you think for a minute about the war you're fighting; you recognize him, he's a Pastor of the Lord, there is a monk; the city, the train, you're underground with thundering voices, people speaking languages from every corner of the globe; the Renaissance is coming back to us, we're having a Renaissance of the Renaissance, a modern renaissance, continuing, perpetuating the plan except this time we've got razor blades and psychedelic hair dyes. Every wall seems to have an invisible puzzle.

I declare Papacy! nonsense, and rubbish! The stonewalls in the caverns of silent meditation, the broken thorny walls, cracked, dishevelled hair of the poet in tear-gown with rivulets trickling in his lips, out his lips, to the ends of the world echoing off into infinite empty space; the Night, bespeckled night, starry night with lunar vastness protruding out of the tar canvas. Smoky clouds, an ink teardrop slides down your face leaving a trail of black messages, meaningless nothings, but what?! they are the answers, written on my face, and I can't see them? The oceans my eyes contain, will I not set sail on them someday and feel the wind lift me propagate me through Space and Time, the sun, water, breeze; am I not a certain truth or unity, there's a unity in my Being, I am all of Something, not Everything, I go no further than my boundaries and where the scenery begins. Alas, a paradox! I really do extend to the farther reaches of the universe with my mind, my ideas, my texts, spirits flow through a dimensionless medium, transported as blissful echoes each bubbling of its own accordance to the natural laws of the macrocosm; I am my City, my Voyage is me! Mother of Dreams, hear my cry! Father Time, Lord Timex! Jesus transfixed on his cross in the cemetery's center, flowers, wreaths of them, surround his stony grave; a memory, and for some, nothing; for the existentialist it changes the plot, the context.

A sound, a brook crackling in the spring with ice chunks falling into the water; frizzles on the shallow waters, at the brink, a squirming fish fellow, besmirked. Lazarus, what have you on your walls? "I had a dream about a corridor full of paintings; I was in one of them, then another, and the whole maze itself was a painting, a fresco; quite beautiful, as I dreamt it, and frightful as I look back; I was dead!"

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."—John 6: 47—51

Interpret your surroundings however you want; here are possibilities: a gate surrounded by flowers to a cemetery; a battleground with fresh blood, bodies scattered about, broken, torn; an alabaster statue coming from the sky like a lead tornado, sculpted perfectly from ivory or some mysterious color resembling pure Light, virgin, vestal; cracks forming in a marble block, the eyes look tired, she isn't smiling anymore. Death snatches you and you end under a tomb in the graveyard. An old man reads his newspaper on a bench. War and death, you think; the fireworks the other day, how nice, yet it felt like the Civil War or something, something was awry, maybe just my mind.

I feel I derail sometimes, literally/spiritually. I don't want to smoke, but I want coffee. That's how you feel before you take the bus, to exodus; waiting in the shielding glass memory shade, underneath the wallow trees swallowing fear and transient, nostalgic whispers; the skies are grey, the smoke is tangible in muttonous clumps, dishevelled hair, thick carpet plush; the red wine red blood red, thinly laid in pools around your leather boots; step into it, leave traces, the water is deeper than you think; I have a memory of something strange, a city under the earth, in the trees, great trees 50 000 feet high, entire civilisations living inside the bark, inside the tree itself, supercommunication through the mechanisms of the tree itself, the veins… a great transport system, they would be tiny creatures, animals, like man, but smaller, appendages, thumbs. We create a Parthenon. Violin-makers in basements, hidden, sworn in secrecy, "They mustn't build a craftier specimen!" My secrets are laid out in a textual gash, spewing. Collect titbits, make a diagram.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me. In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears."—Psalms 18: 1—6

I peer down to the earth as I walk by, sweet intangible earth, broken earth, sad earth, the sidewalk or cobblestone road, I see images of a man standing; his face, his fierce eyes; I see a mountain in the background, he's climbed it before, he'll climb again. I see a man riding up to him in a motorbike with his girlfriend. In the silent darkness, the biker comes up to the man and pulls out a gun. The man stands there for a second, says, "Okay, okay…", pushes the biker's arm out of the way and his girlfriend already has a gun to the man's head… he says, "Please, you have my life behind a single pulling of that trigger; you win the game, existentially, you were more prepared; do what you want, use me for what you want; take me, I'm all yours, I could be useful in many ways." The biker woman says, "What the fuck, man, we're just going to kill you!!!" Just then, as the man spoke and stalled the bikers for a few seconds, his rebel friends caught up to the bikers and slit their throats from behind before they could react. Sidewalks tell strange tales.

Nectar, horns of intrepid community foundling, riddles dispersed in the vacant sea of synergy; a complex wave pattern of flux in ample shields reuniting together in distant reaches, beaches, fondling each other as spiritful events, the energetic flush of miniature whirlpools, whirlpuddles; the rain descending in sad whispers, plup, the playful puppy eyes; darling to the wind in seaward generation; compassionate existence is a smile away, or an infinity mapped in written word entanglements. The shores, says Charon. He wants to stop on the river, on a little island, to see sirens, spend time with them. He's a lonely old man, he needs his private life; always out in the open with strangers. He wants to remember someone's name for once, Esmerelda… He speaks in a cinquain:

<<Islands,
there could be isles
on Acheron, sirens
on the golden sands that I could
visit.>>

The river is wide enough to accommodate an island, especially the ones Charon has on his mind. An angel, male, bent over the edge of a bridge, wings down, tired. He's flown over the imperial ocean,

tired wings settled on the bridge; a story of vast import, he watches the sun die down and the churches come alive in the night under the moon. "What a fun trip," he thinks. He's languishing for a reef revealed, a million mile journey, just beginning again; he relishes solitude and finds friends in the crowd.

Don't people notice his wings? It's not so far detached from our reality to see wings. His wings can be seen when he sits in a café. The shapes behind him in the background create wings, create angel choirs, if we would only look. Everyone has their context, their surrounding, their environment. It adds up, over a lifetime, you've contributed to crazy shapes. On the subway, the tiles, your foot stomped about the place, dancing your existential faux-pas jig, or the laissez-faire imbroglio; you are in a great play, nothing has changed in 500 years, in 3000! Homer was modern, now we're modern, what's changed? Our cities look fake, we don't have enough stones. In Suburbia, there are parks and fancy gardens in the yards of kith and kin alike. Bring into your house those exotic plants envisioned on television. Make your home a safe place with a beach towel.

The man, in his dream projected on the concrete slab canvas, climbs Mount Stupendous, Mount Severest, Mount Iodine; he screams, jumps, tidal waves of urging piercing shout, tearing the fabric of time and space; he dies, every moment he is walking Death, a sliver of Death, moments of the revelation of Stillness and Calm… ambrosia, petals winking, Daddy Tree aching with a crooked yawn, perplexed; the room, each instant it changes, yet is abstractedly uniform; it is cohesive. It connects through twisted logic, absurd logical compliance. Finally, we agree to accept pi as an existential knot.

Every configuration of Space in Time, of matter, each thinlet, frame pass by in assemblies, making the tape; each frame, each picture of your life, intimately, or the universe objectively as a whole, being reconfigured, moving, trembling, scorching, flooding, puzzling, admired. Beloved, admired; bemired, devilled. Watch the picture show on the mantle, on the floor; watch it unfurl as a flag, a banner announcing the Truth of God, your physical constituents metamorphosing, making up the interior life of God, of your God, your own person's unique Solution, Living Truth: God, to a philosopher, issues a solution to the meaning of existence. Asdente, a cobbler of Parma.

Circling down the stony road's reticulation of tiny pebbles, the traces of Grace lacing Space's evasion into nothingness. Sadness, a nightmare, punctual reverence. Visions reflected on the Theatre of your Heart, the Macabre Theatre, the dancing distorted faces, masks, the tribal music, chanting; the sacrifice, existential surrendering; smoky room, a flash of a white statue, crumbling; a Goddess, Silence; moments pass by in a blaze, burning through you like wildfire; ashes are all that is left, yet you keep reading your book, your paper, your precious words fresh from the glossaries of your elders.

It repeats itself; I remember the Past, move through the Present, to the Future. What was the Renaissance? Venice created some of the highest Renaissance art. What rivers do you hold within your hearts? What existential dramas? Long episodes ending with the wink of an eye, literally, someone watching you with butterfly kisses in the air; wink, the snowflakes crystalize around your visual orbits, you smell warmth in the house with butter and bread; when will you come out of this cavern and see the Light? The depths, magmatic, black, urging red passion; flames in your Being, portentous and loud, vociferous, tidy, lengthy in his psalms: the city walls are cracking, we're been uprooted from the inside out; we've stumbled, our walk will once again resume its interplay… Walk towards Death with a smile, grin towards the demented faces in the stonewall. Dance the jig of sorrow and your last breath; erotic ecstasy climbs through your skin through to the nerve endings; you sag and glow with a penetrating avalanche of infernal joys. The darkness of Acheron never kept Dante from deepest, primordial sleep.

"The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Se'lah. Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Se'lah." Psalm 46: 6—11

The purgation of the saints. Holy water fuelling the race boat. Seeking the words of a Higher Power, written in the forest, in the rock, in the clouds. The Face of God, His Name. No one finds their way out of the modern labyrinth, the City, because you Want to stay there. Amorphous shapes always around the corner of your eye, tempting you. Shall I visit Rome? Rome, you are the center. But Venice! home of Carpaccio and the Bellinis, Titian and Giorgione, Tintoretto and Veronese, and Lorenzo Lotto! genius! Her execution is underway, watch her melt and become ruins through the storms. No one cares for anything anymore. Architecture of classical antiquity. Pedestals, pillars, crayons. What do we want?

Doleful, direful annexes, pencilled in dejection; phlegm of megrims, a sloughs of despond, streaming waywardly; your page is no longer a shelter or a stadium, it holds the sputum of ruefulness in the parabolas of the letters' arches; the old ink, a quill, scribing his sadness in an opaque maroon parody of himself; if he didn't think it was important, he wouldn't write it, but sometimes he lacks talent and wallows too much. A poet knows where to put his emphasis, how to construct his Beauty from the molecules up to grand spectacles of spoken word. The plays, each room, each step along the road; lamppost by lamppost, existentially. Old, dry, dusty books. Seers, visionaries; an old painting of a boat out on the sea; Romanticism in the wavering environment, quavers, a swell; dark hues enshroud me.

City born, City living, City dead. Body birthed, broken, and sold to the ashtray for the price of a cigarette. The Vertex of Hateful Times. Sketches drawn on cigarette packs; "I saw the Infinite written in the side of the mountain formed as a clump of coniferous trees amongst mostly deciduous ones…"—"… the buildings are shaped like the cracked, agitated scribbles of an angry child."

I am canonized in her colony, Saintly priestess. Her cloak in shadows waning, supple lips, features calm and vestal; ceremoniously sweeping across the barren grounds; she studies Anatomy and knows the quickest way to kill any foe before the events even transpire. She has her own subsystems of perception, networks of data assimilation, conquering of the perceptible field, the sensory information, stimuli, databased and circumscribed by her Understanding; programmed by her Design. She is the dampness of the earth. Her skin is a butterfly's flight through the unknown; her quick glances swim through me like light twinkles on a single strand of a spider's web, for a moment, visible, then lost.

Upon my path an angel sat awaiting my return. I looked at her once, then looked at the motion picture played out on the ground moving under me. I looked at her again, briefly, then watched the images scroll at my feet, the shapes and sounds; again, I beamed my eyes in her direction, then looked to the left, again I looked at her, this time keeping my stare for the full length of the procession to her position by the path. The trees are dark, majestic, Autumn path; the country floor cleans the memory like iodine on a cut. A conical mass, a comical Mass. She is translucent as crystal, yet solid as the earth itself.

"I have seen you coming here from afar; you have seen me since you were a child. Look what you've travelled!" And I see the whole of my life flash by me in a psychedelic wheel turning speedily through aeons and aeons of Being, Existence, the in betweens, nuances; a million different dances crumbling into a paper ball, oozing Truth and Reality and the same riddles echoing. Her eyes and smile tell all.

She has beadwork on her lace blouse. Pan to Dark Priestess collecting fruit in the bushes in the moonlight, in the grass. A lantern and a thorn-bush; she is the moon, Cain walks up to her. "I am the Thorn in the Lion's paw…" She says: "I see your gnarled inlets, death traps, dispirited altars of dementia; I see a masquerade in your toothy grin, your thin ribs; the macabre opera projected onto your face in grey wisps from the lamp, accenting your look of sheer horror. You are a simulated foliage, interlaced in an intricate Design; you are nothing but an Arabesque, a silly dance, Cain… Leave me be, for now…"

Scholasticism and the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore. Anonymous black-gowned coucillors, decision-makers; monks, the Order of the Humiliati, cloaks that penetrate through the iris and leave a trail of ink in English letters; the corners rounded, making infinitely primal shapes, the words ring-shaped, the ring through the nose of the Minotaur, the marathonian bull, white as a feather; a lark, a fish, three ponds ago in the mires of my dream memory. Who glances at the puddled hearth, the earthen heart, piecemeal rediscovered? The modern sentence is a composite sketch of history rolling, curled in a ball. He who pushes knows best what his limits are. My position is to see a waxen star, grimed, and drawn into the scenery with a magical pen woven into the fabric, etched in a granular texture. Static visibility…

The Dreamland I will never visit, Venice, my clans, my severed hearts; O dreamvehicle of broken tangents, robots of the soul in liquid pencil; create me, recreate me, and blast me off into space; this is the solemnity of Night, the progress we trudge in the grass and infinite cesspool of gut thinking; hold tight to your chair, we're taking you off to summer's last breath, when ice became a generator of factual nonsense, of anatomical lessons in the geometry of prose through functions relating symbolic charters to the evanescent plurality of elastic particulars.

"The Parthenon looks as though it is built with perfect right angles but it contains no perfect right angles." The columns lean slightly inward to compensate for the distorting effects of linear perspective. Otherwise, the temple would appear crooked and sagging. Also, horizontal elements have a

slight upward curvature, higher in the center than at the perimeter; each massive column bulges slightly in the center. The architects, with this fatness, these illusions, succeeded in making the Parthenon seem perfectly straight.

Pan to burial ground; chanting and an anthill streaming with antlets. The bugs of bitterness and angst climb through the dramatic forest, to the Tree of Liberty and your dancing fools, your idiots around the wooden pole; "The Serenissima is dead! Attila Bonaparte lives, threateningly!" The storms of 1797, 27-year-old Napoleon, across northern Italy, drinking down the terrain like it was his elixir. Down to the very shores of Venice's lagoon. Venice gave in to his might, suffered and surrendered, lonely, abandoning. There never was a kinder child, a more wide-eyed brilliancy. Your dreamy eyes…

Appeasing your consciousness' want to expound the crass problem using vernacular, biingualism, mathematics, art, conical/comical reality of fire… the Tower of Babel, an inverted conical structure; a Wall of Fire, Vulcan pyroclasticism; The Pisan Tower of Famine: Count Ugolino and his two sons and two grandsons, imprisoned there, left to starve within a few long, petrifying days… the horror… "Therwith the teres fellen from his eyen."—[Chaucer, Monkes Tale]— "alas! fortune and wala wa!"

A profound hunger, complete devastated hunger; your senses eat up the scenery after being in the dark for an eternity. Lazarus, rise from your deathbed, friend, show us your dreams. Charon, point us towards those distant horizons, show us your wildshores with gingerbread nymphs seducing. Idealistic solutions/remedies to the existential problem; Galahad's vision of a choir of angels formed in a rose, thorns, a whirlpool, a funnel of black crypts, gravestones; Death, as he approaches the Grail, the vision; my solution is an Exhibition in Tonal Cinema of my interior dramatica; my perspective, my axis; illusions warping my correct understanding of Things; Broken City, Infernal City, pan to Tower, Vertex, Human City, Living City… life, youth, summer, blossoming… the City in Daylight… sensational reconfiguration of the pulpous sheath, Night, circling down to the inframigrating forms descending into the cone, the burnt crux, magmatic glass, molten, beaming hot sheets ancient in crusted pockets, afoot the marked liturgy of silence.

Anatomy lesson in the perfectly carved petals on the buds atip the wayward branch. *Lepidosiren paradoxa*, South American lungfish, playfully swooshing; Haitian Selenodon, the *Solenodon paradoxus*, dancing water-beatified; finding ways to incorporate your darkness, your swampy braintrestle. How perfect heaven is for an angel! The angel, standing perched on the balcony; violins blazing in the snow, in treetops, craving daughters, skeleton whistles above the scene of the crime… a doctor treating victims of the Black Plague; Nostradamus saves the angel in pauper's clothes, indistinguishable from ordinary men. In rags, bleeding; the wheel of thorns, the eyes, crying; hair torn out in anxious streets, parchments hung in the aftermath, glowing eerily.

Volute, sprig; the ornaments around an ivory cohesion, an ongoing flatness, to the furthest reaches on the Orb of Delight; delight to the senses, non-static, non-friction; velvety smoothness, creation, maximized movement—Vespro, detached, Death-tears flowing in the dismounted mourning. Cry, cry like the cawing crow, his bleak visions of the outskirts, embarking on his Mission from the Ark to outlandish distances; the Decline of Modernity; bright city flashes, crawling sheets of greyfog in the valley.

The paradox of the actor, Diderot; polarities of inspiration and technique. Morbid angel, black angel, split angel; the Night sky, if it goes on for infinity, why don't we see a fully Bright sky [Oblers's paradox]? Looking at the night sky on an existential night; looking at the past, the dark liquid Time Machine of a thespian's personality, the Being's lens telescoping in the perpetual waterplay of the swirling images and pseudo-facts adhering to the wave… yes, completely…

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III

"Lazarus, come forth."

Pan to burial ground: a veteran sits reading a newspaper on a bench. New World Gazetteer: he scratches answers to the daily crossword puzzle. Mesmerism in the talk of Angels. Bubonic buttresses. Passwords, hermetic passwords to franchise through the gates of the graveyard, muttering to one another the secrets of existence; they can still be heard in this lair of quiet quiddity, resounding through the bricks, gargoyles and the garden hedges.

Puzzlets, inkblots forming separate entities; flowers and their independent labyrinths; completely enticing, ensnaring with her Beauty; priestess eyes, the city and its cautious layers of soot, perforated by

the ticks of Time, eating away at everything material. Tiles in the kitchen, the Professor still waking, staring deep into the concomitance of the fired clay floor, the ceramic squares, gypsum, what have you; it's so murky to him, he can't make out its exact texture, all he sees is a grotesque liquefying of the morning scene. Old man letterbox, sitting in the park, the cemetery, holding it all in a firm grip, the universe, the stars, everything; Time makes little scratches at the door, it keeps gnawing as we thaw, horribly deformed.

Crystal-clear cobwebs formed on the vast oceantop, in a cupboard on a ship; the cubicle holds everything in Existence and is nauseating in its curvature. Chanting to himself coolly in noiseless admonition, invoking tragedies to come; remembering the dead and their fresh renewals, waking with the daily journal, scribbling simple solutions to complex problematic itineraries.

Catacombs, ambient Death, moving through the old man's sneer; snarl of toothwhite yelping horses in the Crusades; War in bleeding tones, silence: pan to the old man's eye, Kabbalah winking; his actions are already dead, his hand is still before it moves, then it returns to stillness; his hand holding the paper is immortal in its singular grasp; the paper is an empty nothing-god; kaleidoscopic Godhead of Dream realities peeking through the clouds; a piece of thread hanging from this man's pants… the thread to the construction of the whole, the maxima; thought, warping in abstractions, against the current, tidefighting!

His hand in its crimply madness, taut-skinned and yellowed like old magazines; animal whiskers in his hair, the unifying brown of his otherwise white and grey thatch. He's stuck within the bounds of the for-real, struggling to keep it in emission. Impressionistic, dazzling tornado graphs; shattered pixel-formations with featureless, identifying determinants of collective histrionics. A final brushstroke: midday sun glittering against the surface of a miniature lake. Fire in each watery wave.

Mollifying infinity sadness; the droplets of charming deftness told in shimmering crests; artistry through both melancholia and ecstatic rapture. At times, the scenery is coarse and densely populated with textures and multitudinous abstractions; other times, it is blank with just a few opportune scribbles, the bare necessities for passing mention of existence.

Gates. The opening of the city. We've trekked from the dangers of barbarism. We've erected a city, Venice, a great palace; created great art… in erecting the city, supernal beauty that it is, we've set foot back into the labyrinth; cobwebs, gross and twisted, winding paths of reason, not clear or understandable or comforting at all. The beast is still there; we are the beast, the abyss, the perpetuators of the pre-epiphany amazement to re-enter the voyage from our lost state to the beginning, at the threshold, pre-mission, when we held it firmly in our hands and it was comforting. We knew we had to leave, it was treacherous. Our exodus was founded on fear and fear eats itself up. We should have died on the battleground; instead, we fled and die of old age. But nothing is lost, we raise the nicest monuments for our dead. Venice is falling apart. The old man makes a check mark on the paper; he's still working out the problem.

He holds it all together with his pen. The dead, he thinks. "I think I'd rather die by a Vandal's knife than in a car crash with a newspaper; it's too correct for modern man to die a modern death," mumbled under his breath. Wind ruffles through the trees. He scans the nearly finished crossword puzzle, left to right, horizontal/vertical: genome, beadwork, chicken wire, virus, gemstone, Popes, bubble, contrast, parallelogram, epistle, Zeno…

Fabrics embroidered, randomized in glassy arcades; the losers reap the ancient sister watch, the cove aspiring in its complacent innocence—fly with me—as it whimpers in collegiate misery, stopped between a stepladder and a coercion, rudimentary in its side-glance, positive in iodine. The crepuscular waitress posits a strutter's puff in a legion of admiring fools; we are convicted of a serious ministry deficiency, we narrow it down until it stewards back up the ladle.

Winter crystal paradise; blistering summer heat & humidity. A dewdrop sits next to Spider Death; lonesome spider playing tag all by herself in a self-spun web of her own Design. Preclude the entrapment: don't even ask. What is a question, anyway? Rembrandt and his use of the *claire/obscure*. Why degrade me with art that mixes sures with purity? I lax away the entire shoreboat, crying.

Modern man in his gloomy attire, ripped jeans and leather jacket, the tattoo on his neck, the spray-paint still wet on his fingers. Why couldn't this man be a rebel? Don't ask. He's a liar, anyway. We divide it according to the rules that by we live which with we live a day or two. You are sad, my friend. Sad, I can see it from here; what gives? Did you lose at roulette? I hope not; I love you, old man.

I'll be deepening the wellspring and an Often will sudden me with antipathy. I'm an erotic poet. Spiritual incapability. Drowned in the sunset of your often loved carousel ride, down into the dreaded apartheid summer camp; we lounged along the river and told winkywire fireside jokes; I was a tomahawk dismissal, you were the towering cock of ancient Greece written in blocked ice and casual sweaters dreaming up distant porous showerbanks where inkles drub, fireside with love.

Do you bring luck to the mixture as you stir the secret thoughts? I see wide-eyes in your brimming seascape, your actuality is fierce with a pink batonette, drizzled in the forum of eerie continents. Lapwing, flutter infamous astringent gaslight, you reveller of the stony grass; I comfort you and you dance naked in my sheerdom; want to light the covenant with a mathstick? It points to the stars.

I think I've found a new road to live by yet I can't stand the mirror I reflect when I pass at 5am through the empty streets of laughable matinee strobes culminating that brazen sky split at its ankle, driven to extremes by rounded lineaments, the kind you strive for when you look back at your life, abysmal countenance; the leather in your hide peeking through the silver lining, behemoth, almost a god.

Crosswords, cryptograms, hermetic seals; he's lost in a sea of profound courageousness, mixing droplets of biography with excelsior wit, pure-tone avalanches told in story gold, broad as a pencil's endlessly crooked line, and just as finite, but vastly proportionate to its own exactitude of motion; pens, pencils dripping into the sink globule by driblet. What's the ratio of my Art's meaning to its manifestations in physical form? For a moment, a boy is perceived giggling and running through the grass in the graveyard. The old man turns to the evanescent image and addresses us…

Time: "Please let me introduce myself. I am Time. Here's the Boy from the Cemetery."

Boy: "I am everything; I'm not anything at all."

Time: "Please line up for the Cemetery, he'll show us how the warriors fought like fire."

Boy: "I've been here before; I'm not here anymore."

The boy vanished in a flash. We saw nothing; we're too modern.

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Kindred spirits, take me to my habitual garden of mischance lost as in a piecemeal dripping of the infinite into my open mouthcloudery; the lips touch yours shifting grey and dead in their awakening; your eyes make ponds as rain rises to mine, we love and cherish holding bushels of springing ghosts, drawn to the pursuit of chappiness, the rugged floss in mountaintrees cravates about the floor, the chairs, left there in haste with a broad scope totalitating a grim production where I am the last hero since I remembered I was just a kid. That's when it hit me most, when I took down an invisible bottle and it had my milkcartonface in it, also invisible because I've found it all, and the drowsy gambit smirks eat hours for wakefast striding back to monkey avalanche; the grisly brother mast, a clear-cut winter pock alleviating the apt struggling.

I'm not sure. The man seems awfully quiet on the open court of sadness, in his cemetery seat; and why do they put seats in cemeteries, anyway, is it to sit and chat with our dead selves while we're alive and able? There's no reaching now when you're dead, I don't think. It might be too late, unless time keeps making adjustments to its sequential irregularity. I don't think the graveyard has a bench, but someone's sitting somewhere with a pen scratching out numbers with a tool that links me with ambrosiads, drunk with a fistful of something, nothing, not a tale to be told by my irate disaspiration, peering flooders grate-drilling the boisted nirlynumptiousness; prood for upstarts, carrimenting traintables, rusty brown.

Who is it really, the fly or the fly-swatter? The swat or the swatted? Is the doorkeeper deluded? Are you still dancing, do you want to lay and hold me as our skin touches and makes bristles mean that a puncture in the holy mash can borrow pieces from the summer's housing prospect? Denounce a highclassic probable antipestograph. I'm eaten by barbecue lotions; do you have a handbag, sister smoothness? Your skin is pale and my eyes, brain, and fingers want to stretch towards you and absorb the freshly blossoming. Read into the puzzle and you'll find, at some point, that it was pointed out to you by mad rabbis leaning towards the power of Tristesse; longshory store backladden in rustic patternology, commotion-like.

Tracks whispering daybreak with a bird costume mesmerizing me in quintuplets, randomizing a pretentious goldglove ideal for making rock sandwich. Or maybe you're reading a saintwitch like el Beckett. Sane twitch? Perhaps. The rain descends in ancient spirals; Crete is in the dirt, in the art it makes when the raindrops soak sanitary napkins out of the earth. I was once a surgeon, now I'm a spark.

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A moment of clarity: designators of the bogged reality. A few plusses towards the Abstract.

Everyone's invisible. There's not supposed to be a universal meaning in everything I say, nothing will-based with me as the perpetuator/perpetrator of the moor's door. The moon's tune… moon-dune… Ever get lost in a story and have a nearly unconscious thought somewhere in the sidelines and then put the book down and the thought vanishes with the paper? The thought was mine, yet it wasn't mine after all, it was in the book because it went away when I put the book down. Coincidence strikes me as interesting; it's mathematically impossible for it to exist as much as it does and in such ghastly proportions… I believe in abstract genius that is illimitable, has no boundaries. All other types of intelligence have limits, but not abstract intelligence. Nothing detains its leap and no boundary can be made for its arrival. Even then, once it arrives, all the other forms of intelligence can take further steps across the threshold if there is one. You don't go from A to B in your Mission. You start at Z and straight go to Z++, right? If you're abstractly intelligent, that is. Truth is that sideline idea in the story that moves when you look at it. It's not part of the story either, it's something else completely different somewhere beyond the distances we haven't yet begun walking. It's the Light and we're in the Dark, it never touches us, we have to metamorphose slowly along the degrees to make it to the Light. And even then, we're going in circles, we take steps backwards, downwards, we forget which direction we're going in; we forget we exist. What I'm saying is that Truth can't be understood, everything else can, but not Truth, not understood with the intellect, it requires the intellect and much more, all the parts, the heart and the will, too. All working together. Just like we're going to take all the creations of past masters, thread it together, make the genetic telescope, and point it to the invisible. Everyone's invisible. Even mind. That Truth makes Camus happy in the bummed sun.

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IV

Shrapnel flowering…

Like wildfire, they died. Welcome back, Saint-Lazarre. It's okay to think that it all repeats in waves of forms and shades, umbra shapes and catapult slavery dines, I've signed it with my name a hundred times; I can't seem to see anything else but the same self-repeated glimmer, so powerful, so huge, it resembles the words 'Face of God' but it isn't, God's glimmer can't be seen from here, we're MUCH to far away from Him, on earth. This chapter is about flowers but I have to slowly fade from the old man in the cemetery first, I have to bridge the two story-lines or else it'll make too much of a circle and that's what I want to do, but I can't even want what I want says the primordial old man: William S. Burroughs.

I don't know how anyone else would do it, some might just flip the page and all of a sudden you're in another zone; I want to do something closer to what I see everyday, which is the actual page flipping every second, but I don't see anything out my eyes. No bridges yet.

I'm not quite sure, and I'm being honest here, that the last chapter came out as I meant it to. First of all, there is not evident Lazarus. I was concerned with that at first, and now I realize I can make up for it in this chapter. I also wanted to try and take ME out of it altogether, perhaps as though this work was writing itself, or that I wrote it in the far-off future, from my deathbed in a whisper, after Death from the sound of an ant crawling through my once-were visual orbits. I'm laughing seriously, not seriously laughing, I'm not laughing, if this is confusing, go back to the last chapter and actually read it word for word. I'm the one who's busting his fucking ass THINKING between the lines, so you should just need to read the text, though I feel I might not be that self-actualized as a writer YET. MUCH ME THINKING YET: the painting is a book is a symphony and no one looks at the words, they just read them.

I lived Jesus walking to Lazarus' deathbed though it isn't a bed anymore once you've died, it's more of a bathtub full of dark fluid, your body dripping slowly melting into the tub, the earth, and some say your Being is still somewhere, not on this plane, so it makes us ask if this is the only plane there is, and it isn't a plane exactly, it's more of a sphere shaped like something else we can't express anymore. I'm going to go to the mountain and paint on the rocks where no one can see it. As of now, I haven't been alive enough to finish this work which needs conclusion before I can complete what comes after this.

The novella is an integument for deeper mental processes. I wanted to be a circle when I was young. This is supposed to be a novella, part of a 7 part corpus called "Exhibition in Tonal Cinema" but there's been a crink in the Projector since Christmas, not in the Projector exactly, not in the canvas either on which the images are projected: something is standing in the way of the Light, I can't see all the

images, I see a great shadow too, it might be a head, or a bowl, or that part of the screen is a miniature black hole slowly absorbing all of what's projected over time, eating me alive, alive, which I'm not yet.

I can't get into the mathematics of the distance between me and the Reality Screen on which all is projected for me, oh, and you have your own Something which isn't what I'm writing about. Please, read the words and let them echo in your mind; these works are databases of images interconnecting as best I can make them do just that. The next job I'm working on will be more accommodating, but you'll need to have read these words to see the images which will point you in the right direction.

Right direction? I'm not a teacher, I try to be a pointer, you know, point to the door and you open it kind of thing? But I'm not that either. I'm actually a real happy guy who likes Death motifs and the art of sprinkling meaning where it's least expected. Like in using the word Christmas. That's meant to make your brain conjure up images of giving presents, of Santa, of Christmas trees. And that's making me slightly mad because I can't change the meaning the word has to you, only to me. My meaning is deeper than that.

I actually had a really good sleep last night. I painted all night long, all day long; a work called "Cemetery" because I wasn't happy with how that last chapter was coming along. It took me weeks to finish and still when I look back at it I can't quite grasp why I'm not happy with it. This is humiliating, by the way, I'm trying to be humble about it, I truly wanted to tell a story and avoid entering the picture show myself, and I saw that you weren't enjoying it somehow and so I'm here to give you a hand, those of you who don't enjoy it, because it really can be enjoyable. So let me walk you through the cemetery.

It was a turning point in the work. Everyone was dead, they died in battle, in wars, not modern, I haven't entered the modern yet, I only hinted at it through speckles here and there and through my language which is inevitably tainted by modernism. I almost feel I should express it mathematically because it is very formulaic in my mind. I have time to string it together some more, so keep at it, I don't know anything you don't already understand, so if it bugs you, please burn the fucking thing; that act will mean you thought you understood it all and maybe you'll be happier thinking that.

Okay. A green bench, wooden, with metallic support cylinders, old man in grey suit, brown suit, any suit, casual suit, sits on it on the right side with a newspaper, slightly yellowed, working on the crossword puzzle. We say he is Time. A closer look reveals he has a few pieces missing from his newspaper, a few articles might have been cut out for prosperity, though some of them don't seem to be cut outs of entire articles, maybe just random shreds cut out, we're not able to know this, I only know that the newspaper looks that way because I saw it from where I'm standing. I'm on the path that's right in front of him, to him it runs left to right, I'm facing his right on that beaten path, dirt path, brown earth, a few stones spread out sporadically by the ages of the earth. In front of him is the Cemetery. Why do I write that with a capital letter? Reason. Everything is everything with the right forceful figuration.

The graveyard has several scattered tombstones, very basic ones; they seem to circle a monument, a single monument which the Old Man Time or casual newspaper-reader glances at regularly when he's thinking of the next move in his game of newspaper chess: the crossword. When he looks there, he sees the painting I just made. The breeze sings him the song I wrote yesterday. The infinite number of bisections in the distance between him and the monument or the infinite points on a circle don't bother him anymore. The complex algorithms he sees in the leaves on the tree don't matter much anymore, and he's honestly concentrated on the puzzle in his hands. He knows that Zeno is the inventor of dialectical reasoning. The branches on the tree at the right of the graveyard facing him have a spiral in their arm. When he peers at that site from above his glasses, blurred of course, he sees the scattered gravestones forming some sort of beadwork, or the broken smile of a what's left of a human skull.

There's a fence surrounding the burial site, looks like chicken wire, he thinks, probably keeping in the ugly spirits. The handsome ones hang out around the monument and know they don't need to leave the site, songs were already sang to them in their Death, they don't need anything else, we already gave them love and support, we helped them to the battleground, through it, we stuck a knife in their eye socket when they thought no one was left to kill. They've got no more blood left, it's in the earth, all is in the earth now and the graveyard has plenty of earth. It contrasts with the green grass in such a nice way.

It's actually slightly cloudy at the moment. There was no Boy, it was Voice disguised as the sound of Boy to make the story easier to tell. Circles with infinite perimeters where every point is the center, is that it? How about a circle that's so damned circular it makes a parallelogram? There's a letter somewhere in the picture, I think it's written on the monument but neither of us has good enough eyesight to read it properly. The old man thinks it's about Venice and the terrible exodus which made it

possible. I think it talks about wanting to become a writer but unable to because you can't separate the art forms from each other. It's a virus, a DNA double-helix bubble, and the Pope's hat worn on an invisible ghost.

A puddle on the ground next to the graveyard park bench is 45 degrees Celsius, 113 degrees Fahrenheit. It's imaginary, puddles aren't that hot usually. But if we touched it, we might feel paradoxical cold, it might feel extremely cold though it is hot. Our boots can't tell the difference, I envy them.

Hammer of the nods. Powerful, it crushes me when they nod, in the good way. If they are nodding yes and thinking no, then it's a bad crush. I don't dislike many things, things are little shrubs around the house, I'm lost in the abyss of the kitchen, tiles surrounding my skull with ancient primitivism, tribal squats, burps, and tattoos on the iris. I laugh a lot, proves that I know nothing.

We are allowed to have dances, great dances, flowing hair and dresses, people scattered along the edges of a carousel, all about the place, populating it with dances and laughter and a slight mist comes from the sky not enough to wet anything, it evaporates on contact, so thin, so evanescent; a vapor, it mystifies me, I smoke the Amerindian tobacco stick, I see visions of Absurdio.

What I tried to hint at without hinting was the Grotesque. I wanted painted faces with broken smiles, tearful butterfly costumes, raggedy clothes, shabby dresses and ponderous gentlemen wide-eyed in mockery of themselves, the dance of the skeleton in clonking bustles, rug in the drink too morons ago in the public proposition of instituted reverence of tubs… I lost my hair in a catapult… to the Carnival…

We can't stitch it in diagonals, you tried last time and arrived where you left it all last time, you looked there the first time, then you looked everywhere else, you didn't find it the first time when you looked in the location where you were absolutely certain it was, it existed There, but you doubted yourself and searched the seven seas for it, forests, grass, mountain rockshapes, ragged jazz protruding on the camionette—I dig the salvageable Hero of nonsense, the other one is too sad—

Trains, rails, the whole macabre wardrobe, who would have known, ah, it just can't be said, I'd have to be a character in the play for this one. I'm not always willing to be one of my characters, and they are all characters. I am a character. I am the creator/poet/aviator/blacksmith/engraver/sculptor/bard… I get a lot of calls on Monday nights, no, that's not true, nothing is… is that it? Is it good? Does it do anything? What's it look like? How do you feel about it? Is the circus of psychedelia instated in your brain, are you involved in its draining, its petals of foolery climbing waving their particles of smut dust in lusty smears on the wet canvas of reality sublime broken spheres calamitous sprays the honking hora long before the bells begin to ring, I sat and waited for a costume malady, I wanted to drive around looking like a gimp, not just any, some out-of-towner leather-jacket cool guy who smokes cigarettes and thinks up existential drama, wine colored hide on his coat, too bad, sacrifices must be made for good looks, right, for identity, you have to cut down a thousand forests to be able to say I exist.

The circus is around you. I tried not to hint at it, I didn't hint, I just said it a few times, but in the preceding lines, I was advising myself to include little bits tidding in the lip of a phrase switch, the lingering notes as I read this aloud shifting in condiments rolling off the tongue of my proverbial snout, dancing lullabies of merry quietude somber drafts collected in the abscess of my gloom, the room inching itself towards death, old house, drowned in decades of illusory existence… calm down, poet, you don't have to reach all the way into the spiral, just sit back and watch the show, the images connecting… rhythms…

What's that, P.? You still there, P.? I try to call you once a day. I want to know that you're still one reach away from me if ever things are bad. Things have been great, I feel stable, or balanced, call it what you will. I'm writing a bit, some of it seems confused, call it experimental. Not mental, I quieted that down too. Not quiet, just accepted as the overactive brain that it is. Quality brain. Genes that I might want to pass down, or maybe I can buy the latest brand of being, they'll make McDonald's kids, you buy the genetic code for a million dollars, you watch… I'm laughing to myself, join me… giggling…

I don't know if any of this makes sense to you. I see it, it makes as much sense as anything else. The bull skulls, sacrifices, the barbarians killing, raping and killing, ravaging cities, pillaging, the exodus and its root in fear of death, in some cases, this study, this study, the room or the avalanche of existential prose? The labyrinth of prose. The contextual labyrinth, conceptual, thematic loops, rings, spider-webs of infinitely contorted Gnosticism. You enter the field. You die. Graves are erected. Honor?

It's tumescent, the vision. Globs and dabs, abstract expressionism, action painting. The slides pass quickly, the tainted visions, the shapes on the canvas of visible reality, the visual plane, the optic perceptibles, visual percept—knotted ropes, tied in knots, dangling, falling from the bell atop the tower, the rope falling in shafts, dry *tordu*, growing tired, invisible, a flash fall wrapped in itself tangled in a bestial precipice of intellectual involvement; O great Precipice, I fall towards you, through you, beneath you, cavern of Death, isles final tears shed in illusion monkeys rattling in cages backwards fallen craving natural relinquishment, what's the nature of your game, O ancient ones; did you litter, were there plastic food containers in anxiety-ridden institutes of Marketing Genius? What's a color?

I see red roses and I want to cry. First off, I'd like to say that I love flowers. The vagina is a beautiful flower, though I am speaking specifically of flowers that grow in the grass next to the train tracks, the nice little bundles made chaotically, agents of chaos, wind, water, sun, earth, this one did not get shit on by a bird, this one didn't get peed on by the wild mice. But I think of the brushstrokes, the vivid colors; one of the first artistic creations I ever made was a pastel of a flower, so beautiful, it showed an early passion for the creature of beauty, even decrepit flowers entice me, the petals winking stardom bleak in an iris of contusion, flourishing naked on the sprayed bunghole of prismatic indecision, am I blue, red, purple, I don't know my color, I just is it. I is the color of my dreams, blank and naked on the television screen.

Floweresque essence in the attire of the grotesque players. A minimalist set, but rancid in its images, something gross, perturbing, lost in a tangle, yes, that damned rope falling tangle in natural knots, you hear a clumping sound as it rains down, intended, flowering into the floor like a live carpet returning to its ground, blanket puzzles inking bubbling brooks tidy in narrow loops bepuzzed clunking trainrattle to the bottom of the shaft, the tower, down, down, to the bottom level, the first floor, ground zero, ropes, too bad we didn't get to use 'em for anything especially nice. Could have caught me a wild bull, cowboy.

Piles of books lay stagnant and dormant in isolation. What stage is left?

I'm always hosting hyperboles or hoisting them like 20 000 foot umbrellas into the air that's so invisible it exudes a dark medium through which I envision the obscene gestures of death, chaos, and religion folding into themselves, a dark veil, mirror, lens through which I can clearly telescope into the absurdity of being…

There is no one sentence that isn't a bluff, the first words already lie, the thoughts aren't exactly drawn out linearly like this when they exist in the mind in that fabled Instant… when I look back at my work I see all sorts of stuff in it.. my mood can affect it, sometimes I see angels and fleece, sometimes I see nauseating broken spiral arms of desolate interior branching… it depends, sometimes I see nothing at all, sometimes I'm completely blinded by my own cerebral endeavors, just the act of wanting an answer so badly, I pour out a bunch of confusion and create disorder.. through the mad eye gleam of chaotic configuration, I touch a soft core of the bizarre, a little bell, minimal, resounding like a beat-up crankety music-box, that little whisp'ring shhfff pink drool exhaled onto the aftermath's glassy arcade of festival preponderance [ponderousness] as the interior decorates itself with spray-paint holograms, climbs its own invented Mount Superior, and eulogizes, pardons, requests, puffing out a powdered jazz, wet facepaint grotesquiesence, grotesquieu, grots, grotàg…

Clovers and elm trees, arabesques in wild vegetative states, the window and the moon with crisped death caverns and a pillow of ivory cold wet sponge sucking in existence like a sour fruit… bushes, beetles and a haystack, eyebrows… gothic text, the shapes, forms, thorns in gravel-matted pathways; curlicues, formilicues, ornate malapropisms, crusted grass, crass and brazen strings taut in their apple surgery of modern antiphysics; I walk the railroad path and envision a thousand growing buds, blooming as I group them with my eyes, travelling slowly through the ganesh beadies of my tired eyes, winking at the foster children of the grass, little efflorescences florationing full fathomable and finalized arot.

Shot of the pink eyelid, old man squinting at the newspaper in trashcan mastics; roof of the forestry nirvana, hang-out ranch for followers of evil adversaries… drunk on the lithium boiling from the froth in the intangible sea of ingness, beings who ing in a flung route, driving positively strong—rewarded—able to counteract a puzzling verb with an achtung or salamander straw… strobe lights aflick, trucks aloft on the diesel reigns, a sumptuous raking sound, flowers invested in the Death of everybody.

Flowers, as beautiful as Death; streaming like rivers of flame; the waterfall bounces giddy with a wash of fluid apartheid. Bubbles creeping like straining denizens who conquer math and lisp with a shifting gear to tabulate the wonderment and gash, talking. Seed me with ampoules of daughter bride.

The full spectrum of light. A brush. A canvas. The projector sends the light flying across over the heads of the viewers—naked, intangible, and vague silhouetted shapes—and makes the vision manifest on the screen with a gentle static grit. What about the image as it exists above the crowd, in a shaft of light from the projector?

Cemetery quietude, silent waves of the climbing curtain; wine seeping through the walls, pouring out into the existential room. Time lapses. We see an image of a path along the side of the train tracks, bushes and tall grass, flowers of several kinds. Violets ringing out like saxophone eyes.

We see the hidden connection between simultaneous construction of a fabled universe. "Along my path an angel sat awaiting me." That's right in the middle of the room with burgundy drapes, afloat in the room as I stare through smoke ribbons inching outward into a silken brush, fugitive, evanescent in the hazy confines of my befuddled brain. This is the Invisible part. She comes later. If I sat and watched the images roll on their own instead of putting them to paper, I might feel better, but then, putting them to paper, I might actually be spinning the reel faster. Who knows, maybe amalgamation is the key, the door isn't even closed. Always psychic undertones, overtones too.

I have an internal systemisation fetish, system upon system, for picking up socks, painting, researching for a new novella. I researched for this one days and weeks and months and it still comes out like the same explosion of rustic self-confabulation, a tale about myself, told to myself by myself. I know it gets boring but I get the job done. The work is being finished, the curtain is transparent at times, we aren't sure if it's open or closed, what act we're in; I'm awash, I've lost my grip, adrift on the open seas of textuality, perverse and backward longitudinal. I have a feeling for the fever and she irks me.

Flower, you ghost of the winter sun, hiding in your steel battalion boat, carved out of beauty's flesh, made minimal by scant wants and needs, desires replenished by a bee's cool dance; high above the ants, I fan, a wont ritual, to gaze down at their antsy business, a whole team of them, some even climb to drink my nectar, some are crushed by the same foot that finishes me.

Laurel wreaths laid out on the floor of the intrepid wanderer's death-place. Heroes, how many do you want? Be your own hero, follow your heart's path unfurling before you, step each good step; come to the city's opening, the graveyard and its primal-screaming grasses a-yelp; violets by the stones of the path, an angel, a flower, a cloud, a mountain, a waterfall; all things meet here, in the moment of your discernment, the site precludes, prevents you from advancement into the city, the village, the voyage. Young sage, pack your bags already, you've got moments to conquer, moving through the swollen glass.

I see the river, the room, the intelligence by which we see images in our minds. There's no mystery left in the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, before you knew it, I had it tagged, I played tag with myself again and again until I was caught in my own thematic spider-web. I did the logical loop, I went from theme to theme spinning through the wheel of the Alex Lexicon Iconology, I circled in my own Infernal City, I found the way out, the thread, the textual labyrinth written in cinematographic prose-poetry, 'scarves wrap stalactites bright where richly enfolded stalagmites drifted…'—'fulgent clouds shaped like an eye, an elliptical whirl like the trepidation vortex… interdependency of lexicon iconology, interconnectedness of omnilinguistic symbolism, the linguistic wheel [I'm a faddist complexifyer reiterating the scrupulous epicenter of his perpetual linguistic epiphany]. I am, therefore I must write 'Exhibition in Tonal Cinema'.

Imagine, in metaphor, a being's existence as a projector projecting images onto a screen in a theatre. Everyone's invisible, in the dark, beneath the beam of light which is the film. The beam of light, the shafts: Everyone's invisible, above them, touched only by standing in front of it, but when you stand, you don't see it any better, you only block the beautiful images from being seen, you accomplish nothing, you aren't closer to what the light holds within it, pre-configured, in seemingly still pillar stasis in the air, but eternally moving. All of our outlines under the light, the light is ours to see and impossible to grasp. We only see what it manifests on the reality screen, we know no Projector and we know not the contents of the light in flight. Always fleeing, slippery, adraft… Everyone's Invisible, in shimmering overlay, spectral vision of all poets, painters, sculptors, dreaming…

Why all the nasty death faces in the painting of The Cemetery? Why miniatures of effervescent Basilicas? What Minotaur, what skulls, where is the horn of plenty? Why the constant shape of the paragraphs, paragraphs, pages and pages of them, why not

something more convenient, showing the actual shape
of my thoughts?

***

[?] No one could sever their ties to form, […poetics…] [!]
[…] or make a vision perfectly clear in another mind […floating petals…]
[or a lateral message…] [*open*] as you saw it, [*mind*] […grass…]
[in codes…] as the city shaped itself before your thoughts, [*looking*] […drawn…]
[shifting, sliding…] [*closer*] each thought gliding down
[hidden across the page…] a beaten path, cemetery to the left, old man center-right;
the deluge, frozen glass, melting in shivering petrifaction, stillness born of stillness,
icy yet like a marble river with mouth agape, its flimsy sprays fixed in flight, caught in a soar—

***

You squint and see a newspaper page with words cut out. What words are missing? Who erased them? Someone must have stood in the way, honey, I couldn't see the name of the director anywhere. He only left his claw-marks on the cavern walls.

Human bodies deformed like molten glass, liquefying grotesquely. Shadows, smoke rings, spectres. Rain. Green forest panoply overhead, ochre grass canopy underfoot. Each image, a link, the chain feeding back into itself, the wheels driving the boxcars boxcars boxcars onward, the method perpetuating its own cause; the water cycle all over again, it never runs dry. String, thread, chain: weavework and a tarnished mirror. I can't see any light in there, it's too dark. Go deeper still, there's light at the edge of the funnel. Don't you know how to use a genetic telescope? Point it at the invisible, you'll see it all unfold.

It's all in the mixed inertia of contemplation. Busty lanterns, vaults aired in the kingdom of dishevelled hair. The moments of a train's passing. Seth, celebrating, walks into the lair with braided locks of hair and sated breath. He talks and broods; what is well said about the food is hated by the chef. "Fresh from the womb, thus we are enmeshed by jaded rooms that link to make the train run nigh; reborn from the nun's eye, we are lain forlorn upon the bed crowded with feeble trinkets, fed with evil tests and proud, vain, torn by the clouded behest, ruminating on digits…" Rest, blush from the blessed rush of the chariot. If it's not porous it isn't for us; it won't soak if you're not corrosive. Et cetera à la dada. Fade to pink.

Defeated in the heat of passion, separated from the feast of fashion; unfettered lark on the bay by a log, sinking, blind so that he may enjoy it; better than the bark of a dog all day whining for a drink from the toilet. I meant to write fiction since I was a tyke, things like, "He's a fright, a bent dereliction." Words from the tip of the tongue about specific characters; all I can write are whips of the wrong lung rung for too long, a lout's horrific barrister pencilling swamps with swill palimpsests; amply arcane, devilled bouts with the song, sips from the tight pacific estuary, passing by, bathing under the sky, arms bolted; it was he thundering with the story, not I, he saw it fit and told it with a charm, I only asked a very simple question: why is Seth wearing a beard, I can't bear it, it's a tad weird. Is it a fad with the throng or is it his own will speaking? Better the strong spill his seed than the lonely weakling.

It's there, it's there, the all advantageous reality bus with words in it, puzzling along at a slow pace, flush-faced with ringleaders posting Gnostic tutorials in the western wing lavatory. Does the physical universe look like a huge broken skull in places, a twisted skull with stars for eyes? I see Picasso minuets tornadoed in my hemisphere. Masterpieces of the infinite Mother Jesus, a saintess for God, priestess, hallowed woman; she is the earth that cradles us to sleep in space, in peace, , in our earth's orbit. She is also the Muse personified in flesh, Joan of Ark, visionary woman—the muse-woman is inspiring to others and is inspired by the Muses too, she is the muse that feeds herself with her nectar and ambrosia. She is the alabaster statue, carved by herself. Man is the same way, a man can be mythical, like Neal Cassady portrayed in Kerouac's work, no, not portrayed, he lived it, he's living it as he writes, he's feeling the presence of a hero, Cody, in his life; Cody really was a Muse-man, perfect like the statue of David, godly man, not God, but a good friend is always heroic in the way they love us and share our taste for and of existence. Sometimes I'm a muse-woman artist, feminist, I micturate all over the canvas. Sometimes I'm the Minotaur chewing up bodies and puking them on the cardboard. I believe in theatricality.

Morbidity as a vision needs a way out, perhaps by being projected onto the visual plane. The morbidity is there, anyway. Old trees, long deceased, looking like an Indian man dying in the mountains with his hands out in the air, his heart melting with tears of joy as his spirit sets off on its quest, his hands making the shape of a flock of birds, light or dark ones, or both, soaring.

That's why you have an ancient wiseness in your childliness, because you are reborn every moment and in that moment you live your entire existence, all that there is to exist, you live it from beginning to end in the ever-self-repeating moment of your existence where all paths converge, where the focus is clearest, you live both the birth and the death of the universe, the infinitely real and the infinitely nothing. So be a child, wise man, hey, child, you're a wise man talking to yourself from the future, a boy from the past! Time in the cemetery has a new meaning, sitting, working out problems with his pen, the boy runs through the graveyard, alive, young, beautiful. Take the imagery loop and execute a full circle.

Take the entire loop of everything I've said and you have my vision. It's great when I take you into the imagery and you forget it's a vision, when you experience it yourself? Others have done that to me. Sometimes I think your attention from afar, from another time, another place, dear reader, by you me or be you you, another, our attention creates the vacuum which is my thoughts, my thoughts spilling into the vacuum, filling an emptiness with another emptiness, emptiness filling itself with empty emptiness. Or the opposite, it doesn't matter: you caused my thought by needing to read it as an answer.

Plasticine shroud, Venetian lagoon beneath the moon and clouds. Tall, slender, white. By Juno's spire! Spectres jogging to the famous bog where Death is less obvious, through the nebulous firth where they will wait until waiting itself brings the dead onto the carriages. The Cemetery isn't always equipped with gravestones; most of the world is a cemetery naked of all that we usually recognize them by. Ivy crawling on old stone houses, spiralling up chimney stacks, crawling like fog in winter, purling out like smoke-swirls from a tobacconist testing out a new pipe. Ivy to the grave in soot and ash.

Cities covered in buildings covered in grime. Cigarette fumes out from piss-yellow teeth, making the grim smile of curtains closing, metallic and mechanical jaws a-chomp; the dim rose of bepuzzlionic Death, Venice City, calamitous in barbarity, asphyxiated into ostracism by bloodthirsty boars. I've sat here, seriously, since Christmas, trying to ceremoniously detach myself from the restraint of having two brains, each brain with a droplet of the infinite sadness, tincture, one is bleeding and the other is in-needing, the brother wants to talk while I need to wait and sit and talk it straight without his self before me.

So, justly, in that way, a novella is never written. I try to make it cohere and there I said it. Me and you, naked and bleak in our tears of want and beings ashamed of themselves, broken and open twine balls drawing a line between here and next Tuesday; did you really want to see the immaculate nothingness brawl with myself that brought me in this quadrant? Believe me, I'm happy, but just read the words and have a good time, my words ink themselves only to exemplify Reason… point out, laugh, be a part of it all with yourself, the you that's so me I know your infinite grotesque standing naked in the great gates of Time and Cemetery blues, the train of your spinal cord revealing tummies out tomorrow's ending fairways. I was excommunicated by my letters to newspaper brain fiasco of the Roses Flower… I saw Saint Genet in a leaf puddle, I was creating drama out my queer's establishment—saw between languages—touched the broken swish-squash math in afterdark park lost tethered, thinking of the most pure moment that you could possibly be part of, would you love it, would you hate it, would you want to be a part of it, would YOU even perpetuate such a Moment, for Moment's sake, for Others to drink the infinite Oneness of Their particulars? The sad, sad truth is I would collect every dry bone left in my Burning, I would pick at the still-hot burning white ashes of my Being after its complete Descent, for you, reader, thus-this-far-as-well, I would sift through the last member of my dismemberment just to please you, master Meness pleased by You-we Weness standing in the dishevelled grass, sameness Here cycling down highways of bifurcation, doors close and you still want that where you left it in the morning glass? The only word is Yes, and a nod.

Then you close your eyes and taste the beauty of it all, at the same time, tired and ashamed of being the only one awake, you blankly stare into the void's eye, make swirls and pearls of the perfection's swan song, litigant hero, you finalized my reason to be reality, together we stared directly into the open toilet bowl, saw it flush itself, then return to the stillness of pearly white crystal water clarity… an ancient Indian sadness pours over all of us in shades of wooden undertones in his heart, aching with love to remember us before we are born, and we worry about paintings being crooked on the wall? Put the painting backwards with its images against the wall, you'll be happier not knowing you once saw it and you'll find the same beauty in its backwards irregularity of being that way, because you made it that, artist that you are, backwards, wording the song that split itself into every atom of my atomic being, balls and broken torn flesh of want and swimming in a song of the aftermath and spoilt moment, torn between morning and madness, peculiar in its still singing, broiling, boiling to the brim, we see it clearer now than ever, you and I, sitting in our respective places, inching towards the something

something, something quite and tears roll down because there is no infinity the way your mouth shaped the words, only sadness…

There's nothing better than scribbling a wanton wantness on a cardboard box as far as I can remember, by being there, and suffering, and transcending all the ash and broken spheres with a fine black droplet exiting my pen and reuniting in the brown flesh of the cardboard itself, existing; the cardboard box with pen and perfect schemes exists better than I do or did when I stood watching it write itself. And I love it exactly for that, for saying the words out of my mouth through the twisted bi-branching of roads in convergence, the paper itself is so beautiful I want to pee all over it like a ticket I bought to go nowhere. And I love it some more, humiliated before myself, doing what only these features were made for. Think. Brain, drink the fluids you wish and tire for, collect them in bowl in the morning, clean your House, take a shower and revel in Cupid's sadness, I keep saying the words but he had to shoot arrows through our hearts so we would keep loving; his need to love was violent, and yet we cry because we can't connect the dots of our lines that don't matter to us? No one building the city of Venice wanted to be there, they escaped banishment from life by a grey hair on the top of my dusty bookshelves, they yearned and created together part of the panorama that we know as history… we teach it in schools and forget the answer's call: stupid, absurd, keep going, I don't know want. It feels good.

When wan two roads on highways balanced out and bi-branched into sadness, I took the lonely want sooted to this scenery. Burnt flesh doesn't dizzy me in yarns gone. I still want the perfect rose to smile the way it does when I'm alone and tasting its perfect petals one at a time together in their unity, black rose posing for no reason at all, the climax being the moment I look back and see some grotesque guy holding a dead flower in his hands, in ceremony, balancing out the immaculately stupid, I remember that guy and want him to keep stealing roses in the garden, only the ones that fell from their place by the movement of stones or the ones pricked by somebody else, as long as someone stands and kisses the rose of death, all can continue be lived and be reborn, all will glitter anywhichway about the place, and it is good.

Ancient love songs of the Desert. Arid landscape, what's there to sing about in this dreadful abandonment? Tones of the atunement, lost in a haze of wayward smoke fumes, perforating the glass estate, restating the red faces, bleak and reading teeth into excelsior witting, committed and mingled, wash, awash, the flesh is torn in two places, in my eye and my eye's infinite pleasurable places… je n'essui pas la face de l'esplanade… la planète ne cesse d'être reconstruit par son amour pour les dieux et les déesse de 'je ne suis donc', rouge et adorable entre ce petit coin et l'autre, à l'autre bout; danse donc avec moi sur l'espoir d'un esprit combatif, rond et fixer sur le toi et moiisme, chanteur et chanteuse de la Passion; montre moi la tienne, je t'écrira quand le poème le désire de mon existence, plaisirs ou temps et autres…

I hate wasting. Put the tobacco paper back around itself and smoke it. Only if you want to live it that way. Personally, this poem was about flowers, the preceding entangled nets of wet meeting, toothless white, recommended that it be this way for this part of the Exhibition in Atonal Madness; I only pen the stuff in typesies, redface bewanderer of twissing infant eye netting the trust of re-entering…

Enact this part and return to the parts you missed in connecting. Relax, too, don't get anxious because you're moving too slow, that's all included in the price of the Plan. Plants and shaking a stick to wonderment in isles of no-very-whery wises, edifice in stony save-stones pondiferous… feral pondering on the animal's skin, torn in ousting the petals of watted else-same, sameself in-repeating…

Crafted of the one vision I knew best before knowing. Enjoy the frozen touch-places. Run your finger along the edge and rim of you tabulettes, the marionetting ones in a park in that Celtic bench sitting waiting and wanting, perfect tabs stabbing, the fettered I'm fed, there, wading through the last sift of my tea's cup, holding that afternoon rain in a moment's graceful grating… exist, stages left…

Perfect plastic cup, oh you taste so bitter at the end, the end is naked in a drafted taster, I still want it, you know, not wanting in the exact same way, reminding, perfect, the only words to get at, yes, why want that, yes, I want it too, there is no want, perfect, keeping reading and driving down the road with paper stones smiling smirking existing and-of-themselves, buttons pressed in the mechanism of perfected wastepaperbaskets… smiles bespoken of themself, ouch, tight and prodding the meat wheel…

Communion in this night to stand under the moon and gape wide kisses to every last droplet in our seekdom. We found the lagoon, let's sit in its ashen waxworks and pledge allegiance to our superficial flags, perfect, you swans sunken in white chalks of water patterns…

Exactly this, her sainthood in being a priestess, covering the few left by her only bidding pittance; flower of night, touch-tone phone to the thinking brain of puzzling back the leaflets floating,

notes reminding Grace how to keep feeding, fuelling, her touch so clear and clean she couldn't exist any purer than in her dishevelled taste test… lowering her kind heart down on the frozen babies, tired and still walking to the battlefield, Mother Kindness, fields and flowers full of themselves, she only wants to make sure that after the War that came by itself, for itself, and killed nearly every last one of us, Her Lady Farewell only wants to make sure we're either dead or sleeping, and the one in need will be given his drink of water because she loves you and you need it… she's all that's left at night, wandering, meeting you eye to eye in the middle-night of battlegrounds, her saintness profoundly glittering, she wears a cloak and only needs you to be there sleeping, she grows, this Flower, perfect Saintess, Mother Last, tired in the morning light that flickers in the East not yet fully known to the black West that surges lost unlit, and her moan is for those to get better soon, only… or she wouldn't wear beadlets, I promise you this, in truth, that she loves you purely…

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And now all that's left is to give breath to a poet of the past who said it best. Percy Bysshe Shelley, you didn't do it all for nothing, or you worked sadly with nothing and perfected it, and now you've touched my core, I dance, and your words still ring the way you heard them resound in the mountains.

***

"Sun-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves,
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar,
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path."
[from "Among the Euganean Hills"]

***

Solemn, cleansed, reuniting on the last of the Grace's say, touched by her black aftermath, kindness in a smile and walking, she's the bigger garbage-picker than your artistic taste, she's banished from the rowboat only because she's already saved, her alabaster probe is for the sickly young, she'll cope with anything as long as you're around, she loves you even in your lung's final soft wheezing sound…

Exiting, she bled, Rose of The City, blessed, carnal and proud as any other being, fallen, befalling, sweet serenity moss growing in between your toes, the foes don't really want to do you harm, their waiting just as you are for her final breath to cleanse them of having forgotten… she's relaxed, she knows morning and mourning and moaning and man… let her even fix your sail sometime so that you can better fly…

Oh, and next to all that has been written yet, stands the perfect beauty that we could bare suggest; naked, blank, untied and calm in whispers awisp, whisks, and long strands of it returning in expansion, wetly sated. Beneath the water's surface is a town of grounded brass, circular and bifurcated paths alike, tongues expelling fluid psalms, nets of the fishermen to keep the fish form fishing itself out of the morass…

Lax in laxity, necessarily pug, oh muscle's contract to movement, spells breaking on the wavish bath, sails in tinsel owning, yarn fabricated steals the sweater from wanting, laughs, and keeps weaving health and all the spires erect, flowers, powers, all the whim and nascence in protractors.

Blessed be ye, hungry, that you are fed. You're fed up with it, all over the place, born with mouths to chew and chew and love it with your body's wastes, products of the departing, flavourless and wandered near there, touch her soft ancient sadness, her roses are purer than we are, so let us need them.

Shodden mass, last at the line of the poetic elation oral trade, spake there, a Zulu, waxing hack through feathered leaves, tethered and gliding in the brush of undergrowth. Lantern like in scorn with the thorny axe, spade of the fuelless fire, cruellest in a bidding, Cain in ancient eerie dreardom, scant of math in the moon's unity, bust of Angelicus and the torch leading his way through the threaded mazes of Adventure. Collapsed on the fairground, losses aren't the villages you conquered, they aren't besetting settlements or the agreed-upon as roses in Poe's is. Host elixir: tumble through flesh. Iron Gate: a fetish for lists, a taste for the dissimilar. Who ran twice as fast as you did? Why? What? He ran into you the other day?

Creatrix asteroid: attenuating an early type, torn if the lords knew why, early in the enriched race, type A, B or C, shadowed if the dusters blew on a dead cricket's wings. Sad Benu's too far flown to guide himself near anyboday anymore. Unless it proves illustrious, then he'll thrust with all the flapping menus of a terse and covenantic dining room's timing. A dining room's bell dinning. The grin is a squalor, keep flapping, rubbery lips of ancient night ceremony, the billow's bravado slapping splash against a bitter crew; who detains them if they ain't racing? Forming a High-rise of Angelic Detention.

Redistribute for good lux, lox of hair so lix in their ambitionlessness, trimmed, aflank, strawbeard of the exasperated baiting. A nuptial for hawks in V-shapes a-fluster; prod of the bathtub calmy notion, all about the air in mystical bubblets, sometimes I'm drowned bitter in the stuff, even if it's perfect in its pop attitude. The bubbles only randomly blow away from the bath water, into the tired air. Randomly blow and then randomly pop. They cluster in the infinite sadness of my tub's toilet, spiralling into mutinous drain funnels. Pipes will lead you to the coming of the seconds, as the minutes are subdivided, you'll have one second left to turn right or left, a corridor on each side, war, excelsior, prawns, catalepsy, and a birch tree smiling in grotesque shuddering bounciness of flush-tropes gasping off in barks of amputation. I'm just saying you might want to write it down, that's all, lest you forget. Always the right turn: the page.

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Lacrimosa, a warm tear sluicing down the rosy cheek in tired whimpers, or is it a hideous fate so discernible by you that you feed on fear to hide it from your own eyes? Patchwork, clumsy passwords to the doorway, the opening, entry, exit, sluice! It is a matter of moments before the thought lapses. Iron gates, why not, to a town, to a cemetery, to the Hero's Mission. Stepping backwards over night to land upon the day, falling down the crooked steps, reawakening, harpooning bedsheets aclutter in mad night's unawareness of itself, one fall down a flight of stairs, from night, to backwards day, swishing through the knotted tail of gutted days, already a has-been, that moment, yet from backwards night to middle-day summer in sun, stick the claws in the clay, we've got to make it there before next Wednesday. No chance meetings on the way, either; we haven't got Time. Not just yet.

Pharoah Amenemhet II had a labyrinth in Egypt. The vicinity of Lake Moeris. You passed the entry exam, all you've got left are finals, are you still up to raising the billion battalions needed to keep up the pace until all doors are closed and locked and you can leave the house safely to catch the bus so as not to be late for art class? The session ends in two beginningless agos. I once saw the white roses of ago, it might have been e.e. cummings himself as a bird squatting typewriter dust on the windowsill, Tempus budgie, the pretty little thing, he said I had nice eyes, he'd peck all day till I was satisfied, he said nothing, it seemed, I don't know, time flew by so fast and he was gone, all I was left with was a white page, ink dribblets cleanly dispersed upon the page and 'white ago', must have been February.

There is no month of Remember! It might have been a valley strangled by ropes of thing, something definitely stifled forests in white ago. Thank you, e.e. cummings, your ceremoniousness is

well sequestered, registered by the incommunicable marcher, his longing for the rose quartet, quartz uzzels prooding ambient mischief in spoons unlearned in wrack of words, tombs of the tongue it takes to make it so, so long; so long, you grave neophyte, keep it new and left fighting, right for what you adored in.

Knots knock a chunk at a time then the bluebirds sing. Next Tuesday, shoulders be castanets… row, row your boat to mercy's isles… Charon's rope tied to your heart's content, whatever it holds, yearning, yielding to the tide's raw ache… thunderroar on the river's ride!

I would not assume the position of a moon in the gloom's graze. She's too open, it's maddening. She sings from treetops when we're spoilt, she is a minuet when I'm too busy to be chanting. Strobe-light globe in the center of a primitive bloodfestival. She gathers wool, she crosses subdivision in a diagonal slant through the tubular telescopy. Cotton's millennial arriving. Cursive sensitivity, cradle of mirth, recurring drift of a mellow cubist sanction. Opt to bemodern dustmotes spectating.

Is it Poe's ethics? A systematisation of everywhere? Pietro Guarneri, Peter of Venice, violin-maker: R.I.P.. Papa Giuseppe? What of it now? He who throws stones… My love for words is re-enacted in the ceremony of the omnilinguistic wheel spinning yarns for tales, imaginary or not, the words come straight from the orb, through nodes and poet skulls, I imbibe them as I bride them, sadness to sorrow, excelsior wit to paramount euphoria, the crown twinkle, word-from-the-lip like, sentences inexact by grammatical pot-pourri purism; we enter the soft slight like birds in congregation skyswimming.

Water lilies, sad nenuphars… *Nymphaea lotus*… the dragonfly rests its wings on a lily pad, enthralled by the nenuphar's tenure; "Forsythia, I can see you There, consummated like a dragonfly, over the imperial ocean, languishing for a reef revealed to rest your tired wings." Wanderings from Troy to Ithaca in the raven's adventure, from the hands of Noah to the Unknown, never to return…

Mysteries of the animal's flight. 3000 years of germination, seed of the Oriental lotus? Hourglass math, the rungs of the ladder, double helix Roses, conical/comical inferno, the Babel Complex; escalators in adenine glass, thymine displays in the grocery stores, wide windows of cytosine, a guanine carpet sprawled in the wooden spiral staircase. A, T, C, G: here we have instructions from the Godhead downloaded in our central CPUs to construct, create, persist through artistic accomplishments in prose. Mutation, sequence—we lapsed and the production centered—transfer my molecules, I'm not a messenger anymore—there is no substitution for order—template synthesis!—my transcripts!—

Helical sense strand, disassembled in my replication of reactionary architecture. The backbone of my separation, the building's lower regions, unwinding down into intermediary depths; nucleotides chained by the moon's pull; a contemporary idea, to find an inscribed meaning in the ultrastructure of the skin. The notes at your fingertips, etched in your integument. Chemical highways, byways, parkways, Kew Gardens of Human Physicity… Physical historicity finely woven on my glovesatin…

Theophrastus ran botanical gardens. Clovers, subfamily *Papilionoidae* of the family *Fabaceae*, formerly *Leguminosae.* Chinoiserie in my pagoda, white clover as *Trifolium repens* in my herbarium; arboretum full of bush clover in the genus *Lespedeza*; *Desmodium* conservatory, *Dalea*'s laboratory, The Zizyphus Lotus Tree in vigorous monophonic melodies, 1940-genesis, petals on a book of Music, the art parked in a musical instrument, great befriended Forget, you swallow swine in thins and peedles Paul, Petaluma, on the banks of the Lotophagi Sutra—

Victory at Orleans. Harbinger of spring, Forsythia ["I'm tired too; if I land my dream will disappear."]. Ailurophiles bending to the Cat Goddess; Cheshire cat whiskers protruding out of the nose-gate; sensitivity to slight variations in the taste of water, peculiar senses these animals with papillae on their tongues to rasp meat from the bones… I'm a floating witchcraft, pagan ninnies in the shadow's branch, heretics in graveyards at night the gates clanking sorrowfully as whispers propagate the ethereal song of indivisible invisibility… Venice's cathedrals, Kabbalah wisemen in Babel, con-com(ical) language intersection, history of literature in Babel, literature, the true chronicler of history through the wokes that spoke themselves into oblivion.

Zeus' Aegis. Four marble lions brought by Morosini from the Peloponnesus in 1685. It all adds up to the same rhythm, the same little melodies; I can't wait until I say something truly discordant,

ringing with the wrong overtones, an arachnid irking sound, bereft of any liquid in melodiousness—drained of age, caught aslide, the dregs make equal parts…

We are constantly taking the bus to exodus. The human mind won't let us stay Here for too long, we have to be on the get go really soon. Miraculously, nature offers all the means of transport if you can erect a science strong enough to turn a tree into a manifesto or a mountain into motorcycles.

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Drizzling rain, falsified hopes bursting intrepidly, waning from the source's plenitude as dry as fire; fury flakes trodden bottles of my ambushed heart, I write to commit Treason against myself—cacophony and whirling magma tears in a lone saxophone exhibition, an insurrectionist of itself, through itself, the telescopic lens through which the fingerprints become The Painting, *le Paysage*, it sucks you in and churns you in wheels of you, the wheel you, at your fingertips rolling like the ocean ripple's nip—a spray—

Cemetery mists in the thicket. I see greys and a whole wide vista of infinitely tortured brown. Like an incandescent, animated oil painting played on the canvas until a muddy soup is all you can aspire to depicting, no color is left, just fudge, muddles and muddles of misposition, and that's damn right… the truth is you've been in the same room all this time, the corridor was the distance between you and the bleached bust of Venus through the grim carpet, a hair at a time, brushing through the wine-hued rug, gripping at the loss of an elixir, where's my chagrin in this infinite sadness, I remember the discrete quality it had, the shadow's shadow, wincing, and the labyrinth is still there when not there, when you remember it all you begin your ferry ride back to oblivion… left or right, you're damned by your eye's blindness…

Electrocution of the smitten rhythm. Elected 'crucian surrendered in putty. Who circumambulates within the four corners? Caught by the quoin of my loins. Relaxed on a shared doom. The room's rebus. Chaotician, will you reveal me any newer truth? What's next on the list? Fishes, great quilted ones. Where's your fresco, Lazarus? We've heard that it entraps the viewer, brings him into your landscape, your *Paysage*. Is it true? We await your exhibition in ceremony, Sir Ostrich.

Vapors, gases, invisibilities all! Yet the show goes on, we sit in abated silence, grieving over the sprawling images. Gift to the eye's sight: grotesquely fusing into the theatrescape, that which surrounds the static screen, lamps, exit signs, carpets, speakers. A lot, grounded in lazy chairs, screwed. I hold no vestige of the past, I am a game uniting and playing itself in the present. The Unknown. Lazarus, go back home to Death, your sleep was much better than this, wasn't it? Death: "You don't love me, Lazarus?"

From beginning to end, an Exhibition in Tonal Cinema in 7 parts, this is the 6th part and the whole thing is just a fancy title, basically, but has a great meaning to the writer. To him, it represents his entire body of art at the moment. He will move on to other things once this is finished. ETC is the carcass on which he sprays his rotten maggots.

Poetical suffering. Glidbits blotten in subrefined accoutrements; lasting, caught into midwifery, luggers prompt in confinitude. The Italian poet running through the underbrush to the lagoon, what a mummified man, olden, grey, the vicissitude is healing in its smashing waves; a grim, dilatory realization, "I am awash, the land is eaten beneath each moving step; what an affliction, exodus to the bog, or else barbaric massacres for all? The Legend of Our Mother of Dreams, burgundy-carpeted basement, cluttered, and whiteplaster walls bulging with rusty Rivers of Milk… tell them about the Mother of Dreams, they're aching; blood is being spilt! Oh how we've forgotten!"

A naval strength unheard of in days of yore. Within our experiential boat, drifting the bottle-green seas, mad and avid for companionship; the cabin we inhabit, mahogany walls, shades brushing about the edge of a wooden chair, it's quite comfortable though the ride can become reasonably brisk. The Story and the Argument. Life and Existentialism.

Beacon's mast of flush marmotlio pigeons. I consider the air to be an aid in my regarding stealth as an afterpremise. Who loses when I return to the ancient pedestal? I am a saxophonist, bearded half the year and consistent in natural contradiction. Contradictory, like two diametrical brushstrokes cancelling each other out somehow, or adding to each other, forming together as a double-crested mask or Entity, bearded too perhaps, a pinch, half-salt, pepper, two breastplates front and back, two horns revealing everything, two notes in Noisy Twang, absent or chaotic Harmony, lingering on the tearing swallow, abstract; purged by the pitch darkness of the cavern's opium precipice; the lagoon, maroon,

people scattered, running through the leaves, abysmal dusk, the grass, fast-moving, hectic steps, a relentless jog, mad faces writhing in agony.

Zero in on the tangential sluice, fruited in positronic ambition; I relapsed into a sort of calm negotiation with my unconscious, we have fun, him and I, unconscious and conscious mind, we trade secrets all day long. What's happening NOW in my surroundings? That can give me poetic inspiration.

Legendary dreams, mud goblets, oozing from lettering monkshands; we're buried in Abstraction and have obliviated all that was left of our classicism. Turbid sparkles of soil smoking in the dirty path. Astral reconditioning, let it seep through you, become the toilet's tank, cleared by endless tears.

All is a breath [Ali's abreast]. Telephonic parablast, tongues in ancient fire, smoldered to the ghosts we utter in advance; smut in iron hammerclanks, the Venetian shore, a Vulcan's death-match like Pythagoras' math-fest. Strings plunk and I discovered glass torpedoes to inject in my art.

Heavenly canvas, you dark patch! I illustrate the divine with an elixir pen! Who consumes me, fire? Virginal on the banks, running headlong through shuddering plots. To the cove! Solution: crave the repercussion. Labyrinth: too many givens, exit stage wherever stage is left. Numskull gutturals. Sepulchre of the mind's ireful mire, oil for the engine: continued exodus. Who will defeat me when I am the undefeated champion of psychiatry? A liar, always a liar for a forced, sweeping bafflement.

Narthex of basil, arches crowned for mass transit on the platform. Irregular hosts cramped longwise and diminished in eulogy; radicals ponder fresh tastes for the commoner's surges. What is a City? A carnival in Dawn's circus-tones, reeling? Minutes ash-passing in spherical dispositions, meek in erosive craft attachment, prongs to the spokesperson's feline principle. Adash, fluxity provisioning! I cowered when I saw the red grail poured on the barren sands of Judgements prone to liquefy an eaten rabble.

Span the beaten gorge; Death in old car mats turning into Borduas. Auto-gothique landslide in the marsupial dungeon of the *tête d'artiste*. Cro-Magnon man was at the At, he knew IT, was well acquainted with That and all the Others, even the Isn't, the Don't, the What and There, Over There, Almost There, the Great Cave-Bear clawing his eyes out so he can spittle another masterpiece onto the wall.

Lazarus paints with his eyelids when they close. Experiment to see Light as both a particle AND a wave: stop looking. Imagine the death of a book. Imagine a book that is made up of words, white pages and black ink stuck within two covers… a few scattered pages in-between, maybe an empty one or two. Sometimes illustrations greet my pages, maybe even an accidental smudge of spaghetti sauce. This typing guy doesn't even know what I need to look like, he's just following orders, from where?

If everything was known, there'd be nothing to write about. Or it would take too long to write. You would know so much that all you could do at best is lead a perfect life and that wouldn't include sitting with a pen or at a typewriter 18 hours a day. You must live! Books are quite dead, believe me.

I choose to say that Deliverance is too sinister to voice. Why? Deliverance hints at something to be delivered from. It hints at an At, a Here, a There, and a To Get At. Something about that irks me, it seems that within that schema something is sad and blank and doesn't know it needs to get to where it's already been going all this time. Words seem to glow in an eerie twinge, the crepuscular shapes dangling on and about the page, once-moist sculptures, dried as eyes visit this site, this place where great tragedies have been played, where tears and ointments were placed and misplaced over again. This is the heart something that's just been written in zero movements: just a still frame, one single projection, dim with a static rush; what is it you see when you close your eyes at night? I see a dozen naked heroes, man, woman, child, all of the above, dancing in their inky stillness, the words on this page have ceased moving, they only moved when they were being created, when there was a beginning and an end, these words have ceased moving, you stare at a stone tablet with no more grinding of the tools. The tools are elsewhere carving a newfangled –ingness, unmoving in neo-ancient ism rhythm.

Sarcophagus of prose. Looking more closely reveals the geometry of space, the gothic cathedrals in the English language, in this particular font, if this is still Times New Roman. This looks like it wants to talk about lagoons, a priestess, old man on a green bench reading the Daily Digestesses, crossing out each new word as the puzzle inches itself towards an ambient tranquillity: books are made to repose, they shine most beautifully in the aftermath, like a silent night where once a battle was commencing then at a close.

The Venice of the City, that's fine and simple to us. There's a City and this is the Venice of the City. There must be a city because the word exists. When I am closed, each page tightly caressing each proximate, I resound as a whole, as one sound; I am a book. Book, novella, poem, sculpture, wherever it sits, wherever it stands, there's a unity and the slow progression it took to being what it now is, a strand of words in this case, a few corrections, placement, misplacement, replacement, divine order ordained in the heartbeat of it all, what? Back to stone river, a flower is born every time a breath is in the focus.

Sonorous ring, clamorous twang; meandering fluvial brains knotted, spreading in contumacious, contumelious, sanguine waterpuzzles. Bepuzzed. Waxen. Twelve tales ruptured in a kumquat, blankets frail discerning all my bodytalks about nothing. Morning jamboree in naked yawn and squirming to release the secret to the extremities. Secreting nodules of the great beyank and itty agos. Flagging crass ideologies to the tomahawk of western double-crested suits: reprieve FROM the illustrious mendacity of being.

Rosy flame, the crux nullified; tennisy or golfette, attires long to be worn out; old faucet dripping Expressionist psalms, dialogue in droplet jive, tumescent boil of the dry rain dwindling. "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep which thou ow'dst yesterday." [Iago—III. iii. 373—376,' Othello, The Moor of Venice'].

My grave Beyond is not truly vexed by any of this madness. It rests quietly, elegantly propped with pop containers; Cro-Magnon spluttering his magnum opus face to the cave innards, molten. Of course it's dramatic, some of the letters don't even have the technology behind them to exist fully; pages are torn, weathered, not enough ink to dot all the I's with a perfect dot, completed. No, this is not the dragging song of books made of chapters, paragraphs, sentences, words, letters, thought; no, that's a very endearing fractal, all fractals are, though Here and Now, they are all pointing ceremoniously, each image, each 'fractal', if you must, is fixed in place on the genetic telescope. Like metaphor bound to rhetoric, we urge onwards everlasting, all tools carving the Idea in genesis, prolonging its hasty close to taste it longer.

Fern hut for the magmites—my eye-beams tug on the thin sheets of a plastered prominence in the visual field—Awaken, End of Nowhere. The first pangs of birth, those expressions say everything that ever needs to be said. They were the answer to the Poet's Calling.

Candles in a dark room, painting. Time is a peaceful goddess, yet we fight over her always. We lose our minds to a heiress. Did I just come into existence with prefabricated memories imbedded in my brain when I Dawned Here, just Now? Wax and paper dolls uniting; I salute thee, friendly yearner and studious follower of Heaven's song. Let us congratulate our mothers who were the only ones listening at birth. It's a happy odium, keep reading; the barracks are clouded today, yet we're still running.

Every city is Venice is Rome is in Italy is in the Vatican's underground libraries of forbidden knowledge: Alexandria burnt to a fine crisp. We're talking dark abysmal cobweb dusty books brown paper yellowy newspaper bags; this septology might drive me mad with inevitable erudition to expound the mystery of what I wrote before today which was a perfect labyrinth, and if I'm still sitting here writing, it's because I gladly take the challenge and the sacrifice. Yes, this is Death, this is one puddle of blood, corrosive red, bleeding, dripping from the table on which the meat of the Catechism was slammed, pulled, cut, broken, and beat up. The actual book is The Minotaur, HBD, and Taxi Windows, that's the crux and then on both sides we have the ever obscure Uncovering the Ungun part I and The Venice of The City part I; the pure essence of Tonal Cinema is in Uncovering the Ungun part II. This one is a reflection on the side, a cherry on top, in the middle.

Welcome! The Exhibition is rolling its dark film, breathing like Coltrane's saxophone tears. Pythagoras with a tool belt, laughing as he battles Death with paper and a plume. Metaphoric, directly on course. He listens at the smithy door; a torn, cloaked book-keeper laments the scorching of Alexandria. Who is the hermetic geneticist? He's the Poet Everlasting: "true chronicler of reality". Subway doors, by the cemetery bench? Whodunnit, damn you, who has the Eye, the Ear, the Hand, the Throat? Even keener. Serenity and her Thousand Suitors encompassing. Mother of Dreams, I am the naked warrior tonight; Jeanne, you lead the way with your heart's fervent torch, you move and I'll note the movements in my book. Science is writing the same script in the languages of Science. Michelangelo, Lazarus, rise! I am the Reformed Alexandrian Anatomist! Read the Fresco though you can never see it! Breathe, focus, let it seep in, then move to the next position in the winding corridor.

ENTR'ACTE:

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a)Decay: fade to Exit;

…candle-heart flitting of recuperating adversities… wheel in the snow… grown in an ambient light, the seasonal gestures of an autoportraitist, loss of his *clair-et-obscur* in an emotive, worsted allegory—an Arabesque like the verdure of miniature grass statuettes, the mint tornadoes; minutes *norvègien*…

Un visiteur est acclimaté à mon état de chambre. Flamboyant displays of the spritz combustion in airy worms worn on the dust like equating motorcycle drops, cascading in open whisperbroomhandles, the bicuspid formation of inner quartzum funnels—we derived from the planet's tombs withstanding—

Broke, we laughed; the summer is athwart. There in the piece-together ramble we bramblebushes soft of equinoxes, flashing portable electro-hides, hybrids of lost companionship forgotten in the cabinet by the souldoor; the black lustre finish on a plaque bastion, doorway to the secret layers, the hidden ones on the interior. Ever watch a flag furl or wither like a patched display carpet? He wore a plaid suit. The boy's face forms an hourglass. Man Time stands behind him, clamping buster teeth, dry crags for a face in endlessly crooked topography of nose, flowing tapestries of mouth and ear and buttock firm. Grab the ranger by the House of Zigi, let them metamorphose into mountainmen who cry and climb an insider war.

Do what Zigi does. I love how it rains freckles of sugar when I hold the spoon over the coffee mug to dump it. Baron Cigarette-Butts in the Toilet. Dairy vales of venom, beside a spendthrift highway of the Western Bicentennial Road… said tenor, Industrial Sea-coast Magnate in Iron black and Prussian blue coat, wristcuffs in brass with cartony epaulettes. Painter in the mountain, sweating in the primordial fire, drizzling on a canvas with spray-paints—lonesome painter bluepants, corduroy and a black cross stuck in the ground afterwards: the Boy from the Cemetery died here. He needed to enter and see the dreaded ghosts.

Dreaded ghosts made dead by Time. Hosts and medieval hostesses, champions of the perfervid nation. Dark trees in Autumn browns and wine-reds cycling; burgundy and a brass yellow-ochre majestic and princely in branches stemming twirled fandango wires. In wanders Mussolini playing the bansuri. Accept a paradox in its uncooperative twoness although your perceptual system prefers only one interpretation. That's ghastly absurd to me. Ambiguous figures, reversible motifs dancing on the camionette in roller-skate beaches white then black with the surrealist shadow-torrents.

Panic's brothers, panic and fear when you need to move forward but want to stay home; home is being invaded so you are forced to leave, no choice, no will: will is God's given powers to man. You leap with faith to your new home which you never reach; your voyage is unending; you, your frame, your mind is a city with a populace of thought moving. You are in a societal setting where Goths and Huns, a Minotaur (Death) will eat you from all sides yet YOU are the true monster in your keenness of mind: you are the whole labyrinth, which is a glittering palace, solemn in its vows to superior silence.

You are aware, Awake, you know that you are imperfect, from Eden fallen. You sin, and you have a quixotic vision that has the potential to change the world; you know you have this vision, you are in a war of the senses constantly needing to differentiate Dream and Reality: both are equal as in the work of Dali, painter of the Inferno. In this war, in the center of the Town is a perfect stony whitefountain altar; a centrepiece in the middle of the room with ruby carpets and a mantlepiece, a hearth with quiet fire and waxwork in pale candlelight [no It: a lid dilation]…

I was alone with peeling paint and sombre drapery, in the middle of this war where in my room everything circled; a vortex, a Death spiral, you were there, a statue, Mary, perfect, Venusian… you are that soft violin player perched in the tree which some hear in their last hour as they lay facing the sky, killed by abomination, by Gothly circuits. I am a warrior, I am Alexander, defender of men. I am at the front, the vanguard, Alive; your violin creates movement, it urges me on. Violin is your sweet voice, gritty, earthen, human: the violin is human.

I get my great intake of perceptual stimuli, my dose of existence, Being, and in the center of the circles of my existence is a great sculpture made by the gods, something dreamt of Bacchus in a drunken stupor. Daedalus must have designed you, you are flaxen, silken thread, you are Ariadne which me,

Theseus take from the moving grid labyrinth of life, except I will never leave you, I am no deserter: 'on no isle will you lonely weep in wait'… monuments in my city, my life, my modern labyrinth…

Faith in God; I see a light, a great conception, the perfect mathematical construction of the universe. I, an immaculate deconstructor, I take apart the moving light/shade exhibition and put it together into Art. Beginnings in classicism, I end it in Modernity… in love, in metamorphosis, the morphing of you and I together as one, our lives. Hers was loneliness, a lonely goddess trapped in a statue, frozen, always in the same reality, stuck in the muck [frozen lake] of repeated existence, on the surface, alone, crying, but her Hero came down, her cry was heard, no more bloodbaths must she watch, no more Death, she can come down from the tree and be part of the parade drenched in noiseless tears—Finale with a march, a great procession and valiant song—much better to be finely sculpted alabaster than to be burnt at the stake!!!

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Vortices
Expounded
Neatly
In
Controlled
Exhibitions

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Creations
Interpreting
The
Yarn

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A dark cavern in the mountainside, crepuscular steps toward the opening. "My friend, you've been in there sleeping for nothing, why don't you come out? We'll feast in your honor!"

"I'm studying."

"What are you studying, might I ask?"

The Hidden Fresco of Lazarus. It's what he painted while he was in his supposed death-cradle. Carefully administering paint pigment mixed with spittle, spraying it onto the walls with his lips and breath. "*Ceçi est un chef-d'oeuvre!*" Lazarus the bearded hermit, Lazarus the boat-man, Charon the ticket-master; mountains, mountains, Time like a standing sarcophagus opening like a door into the artist's *Paysage*, into The Mirror of Manzeke to reach late quadrants of yore, ancient lore re-fabricated into masterful newness.

The angel of Michael with a prickly *barbichette*. Tornadoes of swollen glass, multihued, cavernous. In Lazarus' Fresco, Grace is a statue, cool, smooth, wan moon, a relic like the moon, old, ashen, grey tinges, primarily antiquated. Pillars and that alabaster bone-tone as modern as the neon light; spotlight at the front of a rattling train, aclank, searching for Truth on the coast in a futuristic madhouse light that is a white purer than actinic radiation… Lazarus waits in the dark; 'twas no train, 'twas the chariot of God!

New York Baron Mustachio Vision. Star clusters grouping: a stage with fields and battlements. Lazarus and his grey rainbow of Death balanced out by the Apex of the Mount; a little fairy anachronism floating, a safety globule hovering over the combat grounds—untouched, sterling silver—she's Living Art in metallic rivieras—statue with open eyes like Mary Kindness who watches the infernal fracas and her heart bleeds pure Grace puffoons in pyroclastia. Prophetess, Mother Dreams appearing. One final breath and her countenance strikes me as fairest. She is Life coming to a close, a violin screech, leaves tumbling to sad earth… crawl the cavern floor, pebbles tiled with projected faces of man-climbing…

Wooden striations profligate misery. Adynaton: This cannot find right expression, like tying a shoe without your fingers. Cataplexis: For that, my friend, you will grow horns and bat's wings in your sleep! A pearl of blood descends from the sky, slowly downward heaving, still in the Moment, everyone with eyes abright, immovable; it splashes on the soil, on Terra Firma, in silence, then the war begins again.

"*formavit igitur Dominus Deus hominem de limo terrae et inspiravit in faciem eius spiraculum vitae et factus est homo in animam viventem.*" [Genesis 2:7, Latin-Vulgate] Rivers of blood fracturing

the limpid wineglass. Static monotony, a brilliant bell-tone resounding; alas, the bowl breaks and my vision is a tarry mess with pine-needles stuck in the mesh.

Broken bottles grim and green; a thousand shattered pieces tearing at the seams. Letters etched on the back in blackened iconography. The Hand of God laser-quilting a word puzzle into a wilted leaf. Newspapers disclaimed, disowned, left to disparage in lonesome eternity on the subway tiles. Its new context is to be seen upside-down and inside-out, making a collage of people watching. The center of this existential room is its shredded corner. Yellowed pages of the primogenitor's Craft; primroses and pansied marshes. St-Michael walks through the abysmal subway tunnels, comes onto the stately metro promontory, people surrounding, doing the dry newspaper dance, standing lifeless and morose; voices in every direction from every tongue, known and unknown, gibberish and math. The ticket-master hands you a swollen stub out of a tumescent gargoyle hand; get on the bus, brown-eyes. The tear that sluices down my paper face, I will never glide in its vehicular transport of cleansing flame. Scabrous tiles of the waterfall bottoms.

Pure Light is yellow on the edges. Eternity is an old newspaper with torn borders. St-Michael, the angel, walks through Old Montreal. He took the bus to exodus to get there, peered out the window at the dishevelled grass plains, saw Montreal spiralling from a distance in its eerie contentment. "Mazes of horror and abominable pride… These people's faces, repulsive and ridden with agony! Heaven has tears of gold!" Stolid operettas, Baron of Monkshood Shadows, Baritone voice in bromidic saxophone whoops…

Professor Pazuzu walking into the kitchen, tiles in broken cubist symphony; Charon as a miniature sculpture made of toothpicks and tinfoil. "Have you brought me my gentle siren-creatures?"—"No!"—"Then get out!"… Existentially naught; St-Michael watches the grim figures in the Grotesque Tragedy being played in a coffee-house, 4 acts and a cigarette for each. David's adeptness for the psalm, "Music director: move the lyres to the back, they project a great deal, we want the naked dancers in the forefront."—

Storms of Ruin, Martian legends reverberating against a steel kennel; stories told in ancient browns, gathering places by still firelight, faces in the grate, broken toothy smile, discolored by age in missing links of the soothsayer's paradise; his Elysium is black and twilit, angels rise from the fire-pit in tawdry grey-browns, an ornate untangling of wave events… a single loose-leaf page falls from a closed book: "Nauseating vortices abound me still, the violated aftermath reeks of puzzling questions and the clockwork of repetition."

Old book, chestnut cover, name worn off. Buccaneers plot an apothecary's thwart. Apterous eye-poppers. Saintess daughter of Death, swooping ocean-tides of milken flesh through the prehistory of night, collecting bones to make necklaces for singular, protesting denizens laying in bed, wanton puzzlers scribing a post-exilic extolment. *Pays sauvage.* Growl of the truthsmen's tribe. Laughing sepulchre choirs.

Her mind is a terrestrial vacuum inhaling every perceptual driblet into its mechanical processing chamber. Concrete blocks to the iris; persistence of Fancy. Thanksgiving. When words, letters become open sores breaking black-lit wavelets curving and carounding blusters and a climate of fog-rotten tumules incestrant in alikeness, mustiferous as logger's claws and aspic in definitude…

Caranades propitious and agonistic with a clifty esperance. All is quiet in the iron bull-room. Soft, alack, the rifts ageing, longs away a rancid sestiny; gools glorious affirmary, laborum incapacitit! Delved into dreardom, monkhollows yearning at a Kafka dance…

Pufftavern and a blunted oar; reasons to a polished ebony's existence: the door is a drawer. If every word was a number, you'd have mathematical impossibilities to conquer. Slumbering in Daylight. Thanks to Givens. Jesus had it all planned out with Lazarus. We thought he was dead but he was painting a fresco. The actual dialogue went as follows: "Lazarus, come forth!"—"Wait, man, I'm almost finished…"

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To be laying awake staring at the blank ceiling, selfsame horses drifting in resemblance to my gyrating mind's incessant waning, projected in the concave and convex mirrors of white corners; the canvases repeating, white crowns of lethal monkshood in the shadows, geometry unbecoming; calmness is my alms from this pursuit driven there by the heart's gentle roaring, the heat's dry susurration, bruit of the stamen as it stems out under the leaves in its ancient floral chamber; ruined, hurting, wondering in my

bed what hearses will sift through empty streets at night while I resonate here inside my own head, meanings bridged together through intricate verses, lazily aloft in freezing, drizzling of the mind's icy thinking: I drink your egg, your svelte signs at this hour, demure and mortal, hooked to the dank ornaments, ornate, basking in arabesques, wandering through the wall's cognate knowing; the horse's mane in empty stalls, the yoke in drops descending; it lingers as a moment passes tender creeks laden with snowy avalanches, yonder platforms in a wan stillness, chartering my boat of being, my umbrage genius, dwelling-place, house, room oozing somber cages, crags irking the open portals of my Intellect's horsemen, my gnomen, tossed on the wafting rivulets of waves combating; the keenness, sheer icy palor watering my grave in blankets tearing at my sides. Sails redeeming, heaving in a landslide's leaning.

All's Here, There, brackets bolted deep beneath in hunger, hammers knocking at the porthole with vastly vitalizing swaggers, dead and dreaming of ghosts in talk; raven's feathers whispering, dark plumage of the broken Backward, dust in dusk and ebony flowers. Such is the hour versus the night's disaster: I seek wisdom in a branching thunder, bursting bubbles of the waxen window, softly thrusting the doors open, naked in wonderment, hopeless, directing the tundra's dirty population, spots on the wall remind me of my lessons… touch the dry earth and request that she come hither, drunk with psalms of the mood in tidy yearning, along the wooden bastion or the aegis of my hawk's nest, seeking: home is a closet where the grey shapes tug at notions, shifting from the showers in the dreary clamor's preludes to the adoring static brushes of the morning light endearing, clashing with the minutes as my battlements colliding bring me movement in a bramblebush of thorny absolution.

Lamplight bitter with a sustenance of blackened brooding, rooming the pauses with a longing for her solution, her closeness, her semblance, her countenance is moving! eyes with a vacant lustre, her lips too smooth to remember… blatant and cumbersome spaces interlacing, the moon in silver pockets brings a cloak of feisty withering; the song, the tinsel brain in wayward courses lays magnetic to the effigies of broader scent containers… bubbles in the miry glass, a satiated frost in the vestiges vanishing… caught in a whirlpool of the funnelling rain, selves together, birthing on the consummated gardens or groundwork reeling shaded blowing kisses to our memories… one last touch and the moment seeps to nothing… autumn, brown and bustling, recovers all that was lost here. Together we can rise and drink a wineglass red with fragrance.

Faces dressed in presence, cracks along the bookshelf in position; the womb of my communion, candles trace an inching heirloom; the seaman's creature, pages ill receiving, waits in ponderous dens for the surf to lead him to rebuilding, ropes tied to purple gas-leaks with the sun's undaunted leafing: marmalade gash in vistas of swollen riptide at Dawn's opening. Sails awash the fluid intermission. Return to go.

***

Desires dreaming; coffees milk and creaming. Deserts to the rowboat's tide, a mirthful daughter cries when the leaden winter swallows all the gory goodness after flesh is torn and flowing: remote ambition to yield a saturnine flame, to grate the pockmarked face with a lover's mile-wide kisses.

Drained and flavorless, caustic in an irony of platitudes. Annul he who knows best; add none now to a sot's old news. Mantras of the emotive, martial, salutary widening; rivers last in falling, drugged rowers who forget the impasse and her trite provisions. Drowned bigger in wetted tears.

Moonlight is a curse to a poet who can't swim in its ivory husks. Crustacean shapes mixed in with firings off of the light/shade structure; daft as a positioned response falls, craters in the mash of rustic, avid arias. Meandering folds of the traits at a nuptial, gold and titanium bristles pretending.

Watch as the clockwork unrolls dragging varmints to the ends of entrails, casting bucket-heaps of lapsing paradoxica. *Sestina lente*, hoards brimming in stockpile formation, foment for the horses whose deeds catapult us to safety. A matchstick curves in its straightness, lungs fuel a hot breath, however vexing, the parody knocks with a tail in its smitten bushels applauding circumstances.

Dry *tortuga* tones. Naught in a candlewick burdening a solitary strain. Ample light, cessation of a mongrel step; two-steps to the coward's door, a bower for the infant's claustrum surmounting evident causes of cluster. Ceremoniously unnerving when the bugle-calls seem distant. Morning is my lover when nightfall leaves me staking the simulacra of Knowledge. Beamed and gutted, stripped of an education.

Warriors taut-skinned, brown, dishevelled and grotesque! Human marionettes dangling marsupial attires! Pockets for the stony branch bifurcating in longitudinal hiatuses. Swimming women,

daughters of the ocean brand. Calamity mosses growing on the toes of shrubbery. It's a dark green bench, lustrous.

I sit on a red metal chair digesting cream of mushroom soup. At this point in the Venice loop, anything I write goes with the vision, but I'll still try to be tasteful. My mom commanded me to anti the death-watcher, I said I'd see to it. Observe the frenzied laugh of someone who thinks themselves crazy or the short-lived, squeaky gaggle of someone who thinks they've been wickedly duped.

Lethal invasion, ethereal lavation. Great pyroclastic clouds, impressionistic cumulus, dark grey, circling, spherical spheres of outpuffy goading rivulets of attention in the mind aroused. Paradise of ash after the wildfire. Metallurgy of Saint-Mark and the Optic Liturgy. Calligraphy of singing phonographs.

Memorial seminars in edifices of blue funk, gracious hosts of the covenant in temples of supernal rib surgery; equipoise on the amorphous platform of elliptical unsoundness; St-Michael's Oratory, gnarled altars of its dispirited purgation, sorrowful subsystems bordering the demented cornerstones of Focus. Auditoriums blank in a web of folk economy; ill-defined, arbitrary clockwork of the spheroid parachutists. Shelters paraboloid, a pearl of sweat in the anatomical assembly, inlets and lanterns as apparatuses, balconies and death-traps, vignettes in partition, equilibrium, and in vicinity of the Miserable. Tree roots, up-surging branches: dichotomy of the Above and underground.

Requiem for Lost Souls of the Bygone. Textures of the beetle carcass deconstructed, presented in a new analysis: the bug's catacomb is a Basilica. Architectonics of the Waterfall in a snapshot: a cellophane blanket with burnished craters sodden of Dankness. Can you find a path over the seven bridges of Konigsberg in Germany without crossing the same bridge twice? I see Venice in that man's greybeard.

Gabriel turning into the moon, seated on the bus to Otterburn Park. Journey through meditation through the Seven Spheres, seeking ecstatic vision of the Merkava. Christian Rosenkreuz, his journey to the Orient; Aristarchus of Samothrace, Callimachus; gates clanking sorrowfully as whispers propagate the ethereal song of invisibility in Venice's cathedrals. Ziggurat in Ancient Babylon, temple-tower of Etemenanki. As it seems more and more a textbook and not a poem, I smile sinisterly.

Physical annihilation, mirror-reflective architecture of the visible; mushroom clouds, lantern and a thorn-bush at the battle of Marathon. I enter Trance, dig into Past, and postulate relationships which unite all things otherwise in Camouflage.

Let us stop on the word 'Corinthians'. The rake, the stake, the pole, the rowboat, the cabin and the bedsheets. Arachnid corpse. Mausoleum. Look at him walking the same 15 foot stretch of the parkway path; the peccadillo pebbles, faces of bemused spectatorial defiance… Vapors, Thunder, Abysms… what do I see in the terrifying whirl? Cappuccino, and I hear a voice, singing:

> row, row, row your boat,
> gently down the stream.
> merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
> life is but a dream.

It doesn't end there. Now we've introduced a red metal chair and a wooden mahogany desk. Dark stain on its surface. Same as the shine on the solitary carriage still by the carriers unmoving, the two white steeds, never contumishly white, proposed of white, whitewanting, but grash, aside, softuferant, mustic, banking, soldering massive blonde streak in the tailprickles… the stain on this carriage is Wine…

Where are we going? Bumpy ride is all I can say. Hang on to the patched tomato fielddeary; drank solemn, rambling mixed, a chalice magnetic by its coldness. Too young to sport a jack-knife. Crackerjack boxes and a brain considerate of New Allowances. Horses and a stage-coach by the Manoir.

It has a fence, pillars-of-sorts, and a gate. Fleurs-de-lys in brass on the alloy poles of the fence itself. Huge Mansion! burdened of every drop in the Richelieu River! Bridges don't corrode any faster when workmen tear it down. In fact, it seems to be stronger now that it's disappearing forever.

Devoid of blackwit. I'm only leaving for a week and I'll become a madwoman. Hungarian monk, traditions seething in their winter blankness. Kingdoms for the luxuriousness of positivity, flowerbeds for the forgotten few who lingered at the doorsteps with a jar and a dance if the jar rattles with coins flung.

I didn't meet my maker at 10 o'clock Tuesday. Champagne fountains if you keep the door open long enough. Antique Seth-hatchery. In the middle of doom, chosen of the angular fools. I owe that one to the moon: Luna's Graceful Step in the Heather and Moor.

"*O voi celesti abitatori del cielo, santi amici di Dio, che avete navigato sopra il mare burrascoso di questa vita mortale, e che vi siete meritati di giungere al porto tranquillo della pace celeste e dell'eterna calma! Voi, anime sante del paradiso, che potete rallegrarvi di un'eterna felicità essendo protette dagli scogli e dalle tempeste; in nome dell'amore di eui è ripieno il mio cuore, come in nome di Colui ehe vi ha aiutato a raggiungere questa felicità, esaudite la mia preghiera.*"

That's from the *Florilegio Spirituale*. We sisterly wash.

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Baron Tarot, greenclover hat, whiskers pronged out in twisty wires of decrepitude—crescendo of viols ascending, flattened out on the highest note available, scratchy potch a situation gone madders, bleak and burnt, the stakes are low, a citizen note in the assembly of the instrument ceases to exist. Out with neither a bang nor a whisper; that little note's gone out with a setheracklebrothlugshinnyflux...

The wooden finish. Alright, they had small rooms 500 years ago, maybe much smaller than these great Arcadiums that I call smallish dwellings, but get this, the rooms I'm in have an abstract math about their corners and their wavy-near-straight off-lines. The white is tainted yellow.

Cars on the highway below creating a constant waterfall rush with the odd droplet making a honk or some sort of whistle, tires in brake making consciences wake. Standing out on the platform enjoying a cigarette, having thoughts of Genet and empty space eating sculptures up, the empty space wrapping itself around Giacometti's hand, around his face; moth-eaten, space is a fluttering moth aiming to the Light to be broken by it. The balcony, white rail and bars, the city street beneath extending to and fro; the sky is a synthetic blue in these mdoern times. Popultion has caused some seriously warped sky-effects that tribal man an infinity ago never saw. We wonder if he had eyes. Did he paint in darkness in his cavern?

Cleansing flimsy. Oh but St-Michael sees such beauteous creatures in Montreal! Mid-day Sun Queens! Bicycle-mad riding Genet himself swooping intellectual starshine littergrick and buttressed in his mighty flood raging courageous on the road brooding in excellence and speed touching the Final Moment. Run your finger along the edge of the kitchen counter. Precious dust. That's if you even made it passed the entrance. Professors have not been so clumsy; they waited fixed in premoniton and careful planning to avoid a swoon.

Vandalism fury. Brown museum walls. Fire flaming from the whirlpool. There are some aggregate inconsummable surprised acclinitudes within the structure of the Serenissima. Silent wanderers of the city cavern; I've seen bicylces inkling towards the potent broke of ambition, nightshade ampules nocturnating ambassador's pomp on the rivers of the asphalt quandary. Who knew nodded.

I vacuum the insomethingorother of the grotesque esque etching of the valley's glass. Positive when I seek a finitude of moment, all's elsewhere when I divide the divinity of grates; bursting minutes open on the glass charade, primping glory as the talk of saltshakers. Minced & frozen, white and black holsters of the seeds of purity and culinary quiet. Wheels with holes in them; broken children of the rainy fiasco.

Ever wonder about the comparative geometry of taxi signs? Cigarette burns on the arm of a poet? Walls washed with pastel and a sister crying? All these things will be answered in time, just don't get anxious about anything, nothing is worth worrying about, trust me, I've worried about everything.

A lake with fire on the surface, water beneath and a city even beneather than that. Sharp edges of the cobbled stone, the ridges of a concrete basement just pinched and exiting focussed pretending to be seen. Yet I see it protruding, the cornered stony walls awaft, the burdened stomach of the ion's roar; I see petals made of cement and crafted of excelsior whim, the city within, the stomach's who issue war-horses. Ever wonder why the theses repeating? I never asked why I was governor of these choirs discontinented, sure-talk warriors inching t'wards the blackened mess-heap, cleaning the puke-morks agid and mincing sinues oft in leaden lineaments pronounced in the final hours, the moments of the final breath, beheaded and children all marked with tonsils aped of wonder, bured in daughter's fissure, taut and skinny with banter-raps cradled floor-wise asking all the questions of a martyr's brain. Who is what?

I never wanted to be of the remainding few. Manzeke the Dutch phronaphercyst never wanted me to become the becomely sinner of a branching pork-rundel. He who seeks last seeks best; she who asks me for my all requests a bomb and delves in the mysteries of being, to be given the most

ceremonious calm and erotic succor of biblical unsoundliness and prud. Beseemly, the groden dumpsterial tutorial.

Venice is a tinsel brain crimped with diddles and wont of summed concerns. Let the spectrum of light behave as it always has done. Let the cemeteries shine with church-marks the size of a Stonehenge dys-missile. Count the clockwork's mash and beseech the rooten core. Twice the length-wails.

I deter for the coming of our Hordes. I would like to prunk a sifter who sniffs, then laugh at a baller who glimpses the since of a while. Not to be a clever seer but to be a grove in the ancient pull of waterlens, the denizens slain as a bull is mute, balled in the shimmeries of claustrophobic uncials. Roman pronaporism, the vapors lost in end-rails trailing frost of mathedy, tripswitch of the comedy. I laugh, then bitter. The lasting foment neatly stacked in packages.

Le Lac du Mal. Genet suite. Situational neurosis. Studified mentality of the beasthorder, stacked in the ministries of minstrel moribundity. Cube-corner: white. Rilke damned me when I was a student of War. I never knew mythology until my life became an epic of ghastly proportions, when my dusty palms made lasted increments to the soldered gambit's baste: I never knew a wasted afterthought, I was summer when all was white and winterful. Damsel stressed, the clumps of sulken sath, a bathy butte on the Monterey strut; I will never commit to a 1000 waywords, I'll always come-back.

The Majesty's acronyms are none of the mortal emissions in session. Doldrum syringe, cringing on the matted ale; lords who cramp when seething rain betides me. Didn't you want a better lifestyle than the one you're winning? Keep at it, the victors know no better waif than silvergloss. Empty.

Passed midnight jamboreeting to the skiddles of matinee. Rosy's glovecovered handle; none of the woosees, such a matted ningle, damp in the proddles touched of adverses situated in ninklesummers prodded as suprecious libidododogs: laugh or I kill myself!

Sun of the rust, suffering in ambid diestrals; sudded in bathery wax, the golden sinews of a meeted dimple; Sodom never gave a Morass, soft as the stars collide in a corrosive landslide. My gift to you, summer's end, laughable in the dentifrice's often quoted nignag dragged off the wooden nuptial of Saint-Peter's ditty, ditie del clamitous pooruriantsies siftladen... drought in puddled Warm.

Gifty sentience, saught in apple mandolin, defrosted graphs alotted to eelmen, mumble-drowned as severest of unction. Fools bemothed! Drank of ample suffragetttes! Awards are too classy, I want an exhibition in a barn with spotlights on the ceiling and haystacks extending to neverenterlets coverluting. Dearest to the Druid's bromidicity.

I've stitched Lucifer into my arm. I've read a Kafka novel. I've rode the death-spiral down to the last quartet, one infinitesimal sliver left to actual non-entity, one more second and I was gone, but I clung, and now that great Sin is going to umbrate the rest of my life with a sullen darkness.

This is me in the modern city, whatever I write is the flight of modern poetry. I'm not going to write horseshit, I've got aesthetics, I've got ear, I've got the dearest of the miseries. Death to the melancholy poet! Rise of the poet of mania jackals!

This is Me in the modern city, what Ever I's right, the flute of molten pottery. Eyes naught, gone; the right of oar's shit. I'm an ear, I've got a statistic! Dys is meat in the modern city. Watt ever eye's righteous; fright of the modes in olden pottery. Times knotted, gongs to type contorted shimmeries! This is me in the modern city, whatever I write is golden poetry. Theses meet in the mock urn-city. Whatever I plight is my governor's entity!

Disarray all necks abutting trident adversaries, legs wide, the soft skin, alabaster yet tanned; her luscious lips, tattoo of a heart on her left buttock: she made the heart thump, breasts the size of Perfecto. Firm, The actual City of Perfect. Exotic 53 million in the place, her bedcarpetcounter sprawled, close to my breath on her limbs, her exuding myrth flavors, no touching needed thank you, this is a high art, I'm an artist, dance all you want: Contemplation is also a serious art.

Holy Proust of Genet. Raffled in amidst a sphered concealment, draperies minty coarse old Montreal Jacques Cartier bridge, rusted, green of clanket, trasles, flummen, eldergaist, whorl thundereptous, clash, languor of frozen fixity, the pabulum pubbles zuffer—the desputante, Deb Rebus, Debbie Redo, comes on a cushion with bedroom eyes and twat...

The pearly wisdom tooth, I saught a telegragh, who knew, I certainly wasn't the one you talked to; where is the ivy right how and how's he doing? Still growing on the cragside on the plateau next t' mount Cragèz? Summer's end, ten nenuphars repeating in a stale resistances—evading the 'it remains a mystery' pomp termination of a pool of neatly aligned sentence fragments—

Oddball rift sanguine effort, polished seasonal fruition, forsyth A in the middle yarning; fetters snug in a scant contact, semblance more akin to ritualistics—exot the I—why we flower in graveyards inky swallowing sparrowbiddies, a wink's twinkle in the eye, never quite the same—rivers of milk, the veils, in fact I am a seer to all that is in this text.

Testing in need of the mop and seating, caught, severed, eyesight since the mod-burnt oddity. The streets of Montreal are heroes. Theseus sentry: meshes of the myrrh's end, seedy—vault's ether, I'd rather write my mortal prosody.

Such is or isn't; I don't know. Gnarled arteries. Every once in a while you'll see an angel on a rooftop gazing at the moving pictures, mind Elsewhere, timeless mind that knows not of Time's existence. A stone statue on the rooftop, sitting with legs dangling off the tenement, wings relaxed from his flight over the imperial ocean; this is his reef well languished for and for his keeping.

An old priest in a western setting? The pattern of the ashes dribbling off the lit-tip of my tobacco stalk, are they fashionable? Is this Fashionable? In a café, my nose pointed to Kafka, a few coffees and an intimate experience in Contemplation of the Beautiful; the redbrick walls, brilliant oil paintings on the wall, *c'est le Barbarre, la fille me donne un café gratuit, elle sourit et semble aimer son travail. Jolie dame en noire, cheveux brun fonçé, coupe longue, lunêtres style 1950: moi j'ai le focus sur ce livre, les allentours ce perdent dans un vaste brouillard…*

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A woman is in a painter's loft, in his studio, looking at his latest work as he prepares to begin her portraiture. "I'll be there in a second; those are from last month, the one you're looking at was actually painted by the Jacques Cartier Bridge on the Longueil side. What do you think of it?"

"This place is really nice, it's quite comfortable and I love your work; where should I sit?"

The painter comes with two glasses of red wine, motions to the couch where they will sit and discuss before the act of painting. "I always said that it was as much your work as mine; I'm the portraitist, but without a subject I've got no painting, right? Comfort is the most important thing here and trust is a great friend of comfort."

A comfortable talk ensues, the woman, J., is jovial, and the painter, A., observes every movement; no, she's not broken into different parts, she is ONE entity and his job is to project her onto the canvas as beautiful as she is in her entirety. They have taken an undeniable liking to each other in the process of winding down, talking in the name of Comfort. Two glasses of wine, a stroll to the bedside, clothes tapering off to nudeness, all within the framework of common dialogue. "If you're to paint me, first taste me!"

Et voilà! The picture couldn't be any simpler. This painter was gentlemanly, he's equally surprised by the present turn of events as she is; he's never slept with a subject or a student, she is both and willingly hungry for it and its rightness. Candles light the room for A. always works by candlelight. J.'s shapes are immaculate, she moves naturally and is assertive when she wants something, and gets it.

Screen goes blank with only the sound of heavy breathing remaining. Shot of J. sitting nude on a chair, veiled by a thin wave of silk which melts into her flaxen features. She smiles and smiles, thoughts in her mind of the painter continuing his study of her, contemplating her, most appreciative of her inherent beauty. "Perfect, Jeanne," walks up to her with his brush and palette, "that pose is perfect," gives her a long kiss, "this painting will be a fine work, a high work, achieved by our integral chemistry, our honesty." She kisses back, pulling his body to hers, pelvis to pelvis, buried in breathing, "By our communion." Brush and palette aside, tearful kisses, painter A. kneeling over Jeanne, bringing her to the bed where they cry in the powerfulness and impact of their chance meeting.

Jeanne had only become a temporary student and not active in the classes. The agreement was simple, Jeanne came by on Wednesday nights and watched the class. Her portrait, to A., was a gift for Jeanne's frankness; she had been deeply touched by his work and wanted to see him painting in his element. The portrait scene was made in mutual coherence to the fact that being alone erased all distraction from their encounters and to the idea that painting Jeanne was how A. would return the favour. "You observe me in my madness on Wednesdays, I'll observe you in lightness and freedom, bare, unclad, and together, dual watchers, dually observed, we'll create a masterpiece of the highest order."

****

The Of Coarseness. A.: painter. The you-me twoness? Remember that? We're forming a masterpiece of the language arts, I write, you read, it's something to think about. We meet here on this page and continue on our separate paths. You're my angel in a statuette, I'm your hero at the avant-

garde, you're my Venice, I'm your green bench, you're the watch protruding out of the old man's pocket… he's Time, isn't he? Grandfather Time stands above us in moon-tones, we're the bearded prairie floors, yellow grass and trees populating our lawn: here we can be anything.

I'm a crystal wine-glass on a black satin pillow, you're the chime when a spoon strikes me gently. I vibrate, you're my moan; I'm a portraitist, you're a cornucopia. Wise woman-briar, mists late in the sanctuary. Young boy with a golden voice, a twinkle in his eye. A dual unity. If this is read aloud and people are discussing it, gathered around it, reading, listening, speaking, and taking notes, we've got 4 species of the language arts all operating at once breaking the boundaries of Time and Space completely in that instant. It doesn't have to be that complex, that's just an example. In reality it happens every moment everywhere. The tree is a tree, the tree is a lion, the lion is a mystery, I'm a pillar frozen out of season, holding up the foundation of my own Ideological Council.

The Of-Course Men. Salsam Band, elders, youth, kith and kin alike. We're celebrating the Plasticine Shroud Codifying. Miles and miles of carpets, gold rims on the picture frames, laces of silver, buckles and velvety fabrics. The tainted caravan moves on. The City Street like an open pool in constant motion, a tarry river oozing North, South, East, West, and you carry through. Confused voices in the faucet's drip, paint flaking off the walls in jaggèd cranks, corners crimped and I'm being jostled.

Bulldozed by the poetic flare's brightness in the intangibly morose and dark, sad, broken mirror shatter-sleeves, pleats and creases in the denim jacket of your Ego's Reflection; like gem-angles on the stone, facets carved into my being and all beings uniting in a conglomerate dyskinesia. Onwardmoving.

Lamplight on a bleached sidewalk, remember your dreams, you're the movie-maker, I'm shaping diagrams, dynamic thematic revolution, progression around the wheel of being iconic and comical, swamped in the stuff, surfacing every here and there with a fleck of poetry, always propelled in this direction.

An Observatory for the Zenith of Erotic Displays. Mahogany desk drawers piled in a chaotically logical form, making a decorative sculpture. Redbrick walls and Jazz piano on the mind. "Sweet Virginia," in a Walten Ginsbeard. Vaulted domes and archways of a modern composition, a brass bust, the mold created with fingers and thumbs à la Rio Bordello.

Walk through the park, Italian verde foliage, a minstrel plays *tutti* with flowers and Seth repeating; the holes cut out of the newspaper make the shape of a helicopter or a dead leaf in Autumn. A bus with lights in it, flying 90 miles per on a long dark hallway/highway, a corridor elegantly winding. Summer sprang but didn't want to Fall, because if Winter wanted some of that, he ought to spring there himself before the Exit. While some of us wither and others follow, sprigs of the cartwheel weave oaken spinickles.

Angel or saint, concrete gargoyle or alabaster statuette; leader, Hero, follower, City, playground, or promontory. Chairs, benches, poles, pens… Spoon, you chrome phantasm, solid at the touch,

A molten, moving sea of tinsel to the eye—
Cup, you only need a handle
Because you're too hot when you're nude;
No one could hold you then,
And I only used you
For coffee.
I put milk and sugar, I tantalized you with the spoon,
Gently clinking against the marble smoothness of your insides.
Great, I leave you both here,
Naked on the table,
A few packages of sugar,
Two empty milk containers in plastic;
I drank two coffees and an expresso,
Make no mention of that
And how remorselessly I indulged in the act.
I drank and read Franz Kafka, from 'The Castle',
I looked around me and noticed all the beautiful paintings in the place,
One with a silhouetted castle at sunset.
I gawked at a wooden sculpture made of old desk drawers,
I admired the redbrick wall, decorations,
People, a kind waitress, everything,

And from you only instrumentation.
Mere instruments like this pen,
Paper, writing surface and this establishment, "*Le Barbarre*":
A place for a private session
Of existentialist ponderousness.

***

b)Flocculating fossils.

More netted & matted in sympathetic Vultures of Yuletide.
J., you know, I just thought of this, I must be your ocean
for I've never even been to the ocean, not once,
not a single time in my life,
I haven't even been near the ocean,
or maybe in New York I was relatively close to it,
maybe a few hours away;
but J., that makes sense,
that would make perfect sense to me:
I've never seen an ocean or swam in one
or smelled one or heard one or felt one on my skin
or been on a sailboat on the ocean
or surfed or made love on the beach of an ocean
or laid in the sand and watched the sun rise or
set or fly a kite or have a picnic play volleyball write poetry about the waves
the intricate waterplay and shimmershine of millionfold golden sunglitterings
I've never gazed at the miraculous torn sky of dawn bleeding supernal paint
a tachist display in expressionism of a wide still panorama with cloudmountains and cloudgods
a spray of water falls over you like a thin veil
your eyes misty light up
you breathe a gust of wind
dry western heat
soft flowing dress
the waves hitting the side of your rowboat as you basculate
fresh off the shore in broken baths
every eyegleam in all directions is a millionmile journey to an unknown island:
I've never been to the ocean, I don't know anything about it, J.,
will you bring me to the ocean,
to the Pacific coast, in California,
have you ever been to the ocean, my love?

***

credentials return to the lobe
Angel Michael back on earth in the modern city, in the country…
Rocks and fish scales, architectural forms in free verse;
the text itself takes more of the City shapes;
Sarcophagii, the walls of Lazarus' tavern;
Why'd a genuine idealistic mission become a paradoxical rain?
The driplets contumiously froth
as pondiferous motorcycle rails
buckle and snout
prompt adult intermass, flux of punok—
random as a computer's pip—
longitudinal, moribund and daft;
Lost as the impish queer of delight! brazen skull! whirl me with a different beat!
Carmanding aspish fisceral sashets,
cash on the mode's end-front—
lapsing soliloquy, moods riven:
Drive the steel-toed bus!

***

I see a Storm, you conquer math and make a punk of me;
what we little we divide, the conquered mash is Elsewhere.
Drolala, la mèshe m'envahit!
Sorrow is Cupid's emblem.
Poets and painters clash,
Then unite in each other's psalms;
Drink the night's ashes,
Careening light chasms, chastised of moriturants.
The black shapes on the cavern wall, the 3-dimensional forms,
the mountains and rivulets, the ocean, clouds, animals…
Death is one of them portrayed in the Fresco.
The You-too-me tones. We differ, we can connect.
Readjust television screen.
You redeliver the silence, mash the frozen meal of winter plenitude in mouthy shouts…
You know the Fury of the Spoken Tongue, bitter broken shapes it can assume?
It can be shattered glass, it can be softened mineral beds…
The word dunt make it so, not 'cause you said it.
Uncontrollable grammar tick.
We Prophecy! We Map!
Clash in market cymbals, tactics for love,
The rudiments of trickling notes poety;
dash a morsel of contingent math, a splash of wit on the denuded carpet—
livery mixed in abcesses of Pond,
likened to mutiny,
clad in Ifacar's trance,
buttered of Beauty,
rods consenting, irises smile-wide…
Charity, you contumious shrit!
Champion of Marathonia! jamborees in ancient Finn MacTooly's graze.

Lips parted, withering when undecided.
Collapse under the wreathes of Disgust,
the portent of shrouds,
Disguise, the Baron shoulder-suits,
Brass tag on the wrist, a nub, a stub or knob,
Cufflink, golden-hued, metallic, magnet—
Baron of the Barren Aftermath,
Cemetery Hero—

A prayer:

Viscount of the Stony Grave
Alive and well attended to;
Deliverance beyond this day:
I bid thee well along and thru.

***

c)Ethereal lavation.

The Child of Prosody. The studio cascading charades in Moribundity. Confusion: viscous vat veering valiant. Deviance: your sister is choice quality. Flushing falls, arrays fluid in ample vehicles, the stream, stringlet, the drop, splash, slush, puddle, woosh, flim visceral attitudes prompt of the debtors who clash in venison mattresses. Designed for the King and Queen of Bother. Elizabeth never bothers the gigantic bathers of Picasso. She listens and collects mires in her heathery eyes, minces treetops into puppets of cacophony, brilliant in their harmonic collision. Wavelets flowing.

Bachelor pad, swift angles, jutting edges, painted white, always a blotted chalk, yellowed like old papers, yellow of age, clockwork and mahogany brushes tainted with the memory of vast compositions; the melodies etched in the instruments, the plucker merely struts and the music streams forth: the mountain cataract has no evident beginning or end, just an isness about the place.

At the mountain I see it all come together. Cities live and die, they are born, they thrive, they collapse or rot, there is an exodus; today's cities seem very solid, but Time will crack all seams. Out of the ashes, our Fairy Phoenix will arise. Ophelia dresses: Flowers of Regeneration.

I hear a veritable phonograph, it must be stated. I hear the scratching of the needle, the static premonition of future events, some sort of intuitive snuff, a briff of clinching, suchness bragging ashes of the forelord's Daughter of Naught… little tinkling songs jetting forward à la Coltrane obscurity, morose songs dragging in the morning, rifts and islets caught in the ocean's silver tug… mother's milk in a bottle, floating… watch the sun bubble with iridescence, ink blots on the surface; unstable superficies.

Peasants who cover the dead with rivers of floral dasheries, prancing about the street with dead bodies in boxcars, tiny ones, the ragged ruggèd dead lying in buckets on the shoulders of their followers and friends; cross the street, don't mind the procession, if I stop in the city for every procession I see, I'll never move. I see all kinds of Marches, I see the Step of Morbidity, I see the Skeleton's Jig, the Macabre Swing, Desolation Hop, shimmering scaffold of pearly mountaintop.

It cleanses. Minds who alter the connective tissue of Reality. Gardens grow there now over top the scrambled bodies; Silence looms over us in shades of jade; grandfather clock Big Ben ringing: One thing certain, you are seated.

Mathic amatism, straws driving the litanies of foragers. Masks appearing sideways off the inlet's prize beach-saloon. The man's greybeard fades into the background. It tells great tales, tears at them through its scruffy lens; telescopy for the forward-headers; exist in whatever stages are left, I say…

[in Malaprop] Corinthians. Never will I visit Guernica. Picasso's first exhibitions are forbidden to me by my existence's era. Van Gogh *toiles* are turning more and more to dust every hour. Dreams of San Giorgio Maggiore. Vertices of slanted rooftops. Blossoming. A funnel.

Marble entrance, black railing, fence, ironcast fierceness, ferocious fires, aflame, apuff, flushing Rage! *King Phoboiste* in Dismay, town of horror and epistles in Sanguine. An in-ground pool. Messengers passing in the old-town streets, passing in alleyways, tripping on tin cans in greasy *salopettes*; boots of torn chagrin warmed by endless trails: the runner passes the baton, fist unclenching. Furies dilating.

The In. Communicate with the Visible. Triangles and tortoise shells in acres and chairs squinting broken plastic forests of poltergeist. Wallow in the whims, cures by a will o'th'wisp; Silos perched in open choirs, abox in marginal angularity. Antiques! ahoy! Papaya branches diverse in pogged arteries, agèd for daddy-boughs, corybantic. Begin in Z, move to Z-plus' quadrant.

"Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands. And have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them. Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only." [II Kings 19: 17—19].

Sidewalks showing the slides, the moving picture show; holy showers, accompanied by the sound of springing rapids. Death spitting out broken cords, rulers, numerology and an acidic belch. We stand on a Bridge in Deconstruction overlooking the River Never-ending.

Prisoners evacuating the premises. Shelley in his mood of Girt. There is no Zeno right now except in the fly that obstructs my vision. Obstructing our Vision is Tuning into Illusion. A tall black dresser, two-door, black lacquer finish, melamine of melancholy, lethargic latex… opening to a Lateral Subterranea.

Festooned upper lip; excursus is my fashion. A few blue notes for the master saxophonist. Why I should be trapped? [hyperbaton] Liberation of the consumed livers, Promethean continuance, persistences, flagrant aberration in his Seat of Antipathy, Repugnance, Dread, Intrepidity, Neutrality, Excellence, and Sorrow. Scourge of the Earth, deceit and dissolution umbrella the vacancy of Rectitude.

The Professor stands giving his lecture. Dry words echo off the titanium walls. Sloppy faces, irked and pockmarked, gaze vacuous smirks, contorted grimaces, and icy scoff his Erected Knowledge. Stillness abuts his familiar rhythmicity and melodic discordance, brassy shout, cry, woe in his derelict smile.

I try to drink a cigarette. Michael Baron Unholy Papacy! Episode by episode, torn unto tearing, told in the vaults of Sky's heaven. The Arch's underbelly. Triumphal poles and a labored dance. Acheron, the water of Sartre. I think it's all worth saving: this is the closest thing to heaven!

Hyperventilate in fields of folding hiatuses. Cages in bigger pods; we're all alike when we deceive in Reflection. Dire pauses, sifting in dank ampoules of queried exertion; mile upon mile, the smolten circus fishing a drab absolution in contuments of podery: doff a suit for miracles, I am abashed.

Continuously! dark! Genres diverse. No, you don't. I'm actually going to sleep in my underwear. Woe to the naked poet! I say it kindly. The Oracle, a wooden mass, straight-edges gone wonk; they spell the beauty of a village in its instant petal-flocking; I was once a bushel, an apple, Cézanne's arithmetic. It's not I is what I'm saying, words give me no other choice. There's an I, I put a dot; forms repeating make a motion together as a whole, each group surrounding, making the minaret; each cycle, symbol, sign, works together in Unity and moves down the Stream, like a 3-dimensional bubble floating through a 4^{th}.

The green of yolden bridges, how can I quantify it, it smooths merely the sentence of a progeny; how could I tell you green if in this darkness I only see a brazen stand and a pearly statuette? A wooden box, call it newspaper rattle brain, natural denudation in particlements adrubious: *lox fanatica, vixit bepux*.

A travelling band, the Salsam Band. A red rose erect in the center of town at the fountain where brown ashes were left behind. What for would a sight such as this be in favor to my entrance into the land of my minion? The running wild of nomads as a dance so pure a flying distance would allow through faerie lands and sylvan woods become a wandr'ing flock of settlers, scattered free about the story, meadows and the mist of night's freezing and spent for countless days, asking, "When have we found again our home?"

Rages ad sephirot; no clashing, military drums casting a fragrance of delirium. Am I being thrust into a circle of Briars and a Monastic Princess; a city's inlet, frozen rectangular images like long pieces of film tape laying on the ground, long strips, if you walk, the tale unfolds; the tale is in the clouds, the sky, the mountains; in the architecture in Old Beloeil, though modest and simple, I see shapes glaring with edges shorn and intrepidly squawking blubbery don'ts laughing in petalling ivy, up-towards the chimney stalk, brick and rockstocks bridging a tower where ivy leaves can flourish, greybrick mansion, burgundy river in the orange moonlight—gold rimlets on a felt shoulder and a fence with silver baloonies, pearl-quant, liliput.

Baron of the Afterglass. Shattered in 1890 home, woodcradle, a snuffed candle in a chamber on the interior; do you remember all these images, have you tapped into the main vein of the Ideological Database? Do you get a Stream-Feed through persistence with the vernacular girth?

***

The Legend's Effigy:

I'm a dreamer from the past;
I don't connect unless I give a damn:
Unless the flowers ensnare me.

Films projected on the street
Flashing static storms on me:
Unless a power infects me.

Reach the core in sunway blasts;
Sap the running filter's aftermath…
Unless my eyes control me.

Streaming petals laugh on light
When it's time to unleash the butterflies:
Unless my language eludes me.

***

Professor Moorsdoor. The Black Moon, fictitious point in the heavens, the Eye of the Unicorn; Lilith's brain, a vagina, the Intangible, the Inaccessible, the ephemeral nature of presences, of absences,

and Hyperlucidity which is painful by its Force and Intensity. The "*Lune Noire"* sets you on perilous straits; abruptly, you drive to the luminous Center of Being and Concord.

The black moon symbolizes the energy to conquer, the obscurity to dissipate, the spirit to purge; extreme phenomenon, oscillations between Fascination and Refusal. Symbol of Turning to Nothingness, tenebrous passions, malfeasance, hostile power towards Victory; black holes, the Void, Absolute Absence, the petrifying puissance of Attraction and Absorption.

Quixotic visions, fighting even at the price of oneself or others; the blinding stain of blackness with flaming aureoles: it obliviates what it gravitates toward. I see Professor Master Rhetorician blowing on the saxophone in a dingy coffee-house, dismal and dark, smoky tavern feel, he's on the wooden floor, a stage of sorts, letting it spill forth into the air, each cascading note vanishing in the haze. Center Stage.

Arrangement of Classical Oration: 1.Introduction: *exordium*; 2.Statement: of Facts *narratio*; 3.Division: *partitio*; 4.Proof: *confirmatio*; 5.Refutation: *refutatio*; 6.Conclusion: *peroratio*. Grinding teeth, calamitous machinery of Death speaking blues chunks, a whole symphony of voices in the Unity of the flowing stream; symbols joining in abstract math; fractal geometry on the street canvas.

***

Waterfall revisited:

"Visions of silence in cycling waves descending."

I've been there a million times, it seems,
or maybe you only need to be there once,
you can visit one a million times
and never truly be there…
I've been there,
I've heard the sounds,
tasted the milk in the air,
I froze between the avalanche of sputtering misties
and lunged forward to grasp at a forming epiphany
in whispers of Thor
flowing with open arms—
that waterfall is really all reality spelled in liquid ammunition,
for the truth needs to spark like a shotgun blast
and spill beady drops northward,
downhill, rapids in digestion of lineaments
secured to the rock, yet freely mobile,
cradled is more like it;
the rock gives the rapids a direction,
boundaries, a hint, and gravity keeps the flying droplets
from exiting the atmosphere,
some even just evaporate…
The waterfall, however, is a shower,
a constant roar, a quiet symphony,
a spiritual ablution in virtual ebullition,
it melts with the chorus of the wind in the leaves,
it sounds like bushes with raggedy squirrels,
it meets the eye in a timeless motion picture
with no beginning and no end, like its sound,
sweeping, solarized mottles projected on a metaphysical screen, you bumblebee—
The Waterfall, she is Absolute,
she tornadoes in endless gyrations,
twisting, bubbling, cascading madly,
in her hush is contained every note
of every music created by man,
for this is where he/she heard it for the first time
in that boyhood, girlhood, rambling about the woods,
"Oh look, what is that, I've never seen one of those,

I’ve just discovered something quite new,
a fabric on which I can sew unlimited tales
in pictorials, in weaves, though I haven’t dyed yet,”
so there she goes, soaking brief moments
with natural commotion,
fuelling poets and the eye of the chipmunk:
though he hasn’t spoken in rhymes to this day,
the chipmunk is much wiser than man…
and the sinuous miasma of the chute,
a veil over the eyes of the soil;
what does a microbe see from the grimy rapids bottom
as he looks up through a green/white diaphanous vase,
a glassy lens that warps the sky infinitely?
maybe it amplifies things, maybe it’s really a telescope to the furthest star
and microbes are minusculities with the terror of truth in their hearts
dancing in the frothy subocean of mountaincreek cataracts,
flooding, feeding the brilliant waterfall, the white shadows creeping;
each moist outlet a vapor exhaled into thin air,
where absence and Space eats it,
and adding up each moment in Time doesn’t equal the whole,
you would have to take infinitely quick snapshots, and an infinity of them
and thread them together for an infinity of Time…
There’s hardly a point in doing that, why I can just dance and be amazed by it,
laying in gratitude of this graceful presence, this moving labyrinth of rain,
these intimate cataclysmic equations:
did I say that the movement of the stars was reflected therein?
Yes, this cogent mosaic of mossy sparkling,
islands of moisture waxing and waning from existence in tides,
shifting, fizzing, a museum of perfected ocean slides,
a friskiness that cannot be consumed,
a white flame that burns with hot, magmatic passions,
castaway rivulets tumbling, coexisting in bubbles of a pure perpetual twinkling;
embodiments of the divine in rushing crests undulating,
true mountain flower, you drain from innermost spots,
pour out from within, express your sheer mountain ecstasy,
and my visit is quaint, as I witness the bustle
and ventriloquism of the Utopian Droplet
manifesting itself in immeasurable variations,
each instant a permutation, a systematised impromptu choir,
a shimmering gauze, blinding bleach of cloud in river mask,
revelation of divine order in chaotic globules ballooning:
halftones and spirited tints, elocution of angelic parameters,
continuous current with non-existing perimeter,
strange metamorphosis sheet of catapulted, ancient reservoir—
diffused, dilapidated being-of-life in blanched obscurity,
flowing embossments created in boiling jiffies,
each moist pellet forming the complex tangle of the immaculate whole,
the intricate structure that seems so smooth in places;
I reach down for a drink, I get a splash in the face,
I laugh, giggling with intelligence in my breath,
with Nature proudly vociferating its antediluvian song,
humming a tune whose words are long forgotten,
though these utterances seem awkwardly familiar:
an epic waterfall with rapids making its constant eruption possible,
man, at one with a pool in motion, remembering;
sound is all-important and all-importance is voiceless

(in these black drafts disguised in a coat of verdant snow).

***

Exhibition:

Golden day sky, alight with purple fires omitted,
Gilded edges of the otherwise black cloud;
Blue is present: I'll take a maze, well-fitted,
In galleries lighted by a plastic neon shroud.
Take me off the wall, I don't warrant derision!
Mine is a fragment of a much grander feat;
Hyper-realistic tenets tending to hanging fields of vision,
Drop by drop flooding the empty canvas street.

Funereal songs were written extended eons past
As mangled faces walked by on a racing, carnal medium;
It's ghastly, tenebrous, flickering by hence all too fast
Like a television set precipitating forward, minus the blaring tedium.
Lo! The cast is written, break it when you've made the news,
Laugh at the frames frolicking in a morass of pigment,
Pixels falling in a static noise of whirling hues
Shaping worded miracles, juggling fact and figment.

***

Death Spake Her Crucifix:

"To a King yet unborn;
A Queen someday expecting…"

I ***Terza:***

Muse, God, Specters, I must invoke you all:
Humiliate me, lost in altitudes
Of mind where I am riddled with a fire
Contorting, drawing me hours late to scribe
A truth that from my birth not yet relents;
And now, in fruitful years am I hoarded,
Caught in the wrenching vortices of Light
Divine, that wave and blast and transfix me
To some cruel crucifix of inward thought—
What themes ruin my internal city?
My Venice, my Rome, my architect's dream?
Mountain, sky, river, Bibliotheca:
A Modern Renaissance has taken me,
With sore pyres, in clutches of backward growth;
So how, then, is it a rebirth? Firstly,
'Fore One's city flourishes, it needs lapse;
All great capitals prosper after Death:
Then what bountiful gardens can exist!
Or Basilicas, Verrochio's sculpt,
An anchored Arsenal fit for Dante
In his thirsty academic vision
On which countless works have made appendix;
Evolution is at once retrograde
And climbing forth in ascension, that is,
Reversed in that we leave behind our home,
Grave Lotophags, also hungry for Life,
That onward cataract of affluence:
Again, progress is equal share upwards,

Then diametric in its gravity—
Both slain in dismissal of the Other:
In paradox born, antipodes are naught.
Twilight urges me to twist with my pen
(Paganini pledging with famed viol),
A secret cove that is a tainted Core:
Foul lagoon where spirits shun savages,
A City built in retrospect, unplann'd;
Groundwork for Riches, paranoiac Hearts
From Panic come, in this mode sinister;
Though Death soon be forgotten when Alive:
Dreams promptly follow if not quite Awake.

II ***Sesta:***

The middle ground betwixt Palace and Maze,
Equidistant from Origin and End,
From lavish Dreams and Actuality:
The spectral thread which binds my cyclic tale
In Hypnotism, a pawn moved by Light
In that terrestrial game of Faith and Doubt;
Blind we are sometimes, struggling with ourselves,
Torn on the battlefield of perception—
Where Inspiration is a catalyst
To mold the clay into a yonder bound,
With Movement in kinship heading towards
A new Life, yet clinging to Memories.
"Invasion inundates my domicile,
No bulk of Will can change that circumstance;
In Faith shall I to newer worlds spring out:
Fortune's the Cleft mid Present and To Come!"
The journey is forever unceasing,
To and fro, your mind, a population
Fleeing, a vast metropolis rising,
All made of Idea and Hypothesis;
A Minotaur your fourteen babes consumes
In the contemporary Labyrinth
Of established order and Intellect,
At times more Sublime than Problematic:
It has been brought to my own cognizance,
The ghastly Bull is Death to infancy
And I his rival Cornucopia.
Let me disclose that Imperfection rests
Nestled deep in my mortal assembly,
For no Fall more abysmal than Eden
Can breathe in this present biography—
My Drop: a calamitous Illusion.
No more Mirages, make way for Vision:
Wild cascading stream of my Conception;
Thusly it erupts and alters my Path,
Shapes the reveries of my Peer's Future,
Since in the Senses' war we are entwined,
Where Dreams and Reality in Discord
Fight until a Harmony is embraced:
Hell's fa la la paints in the Town's center.

III ***Nona:***

The Study: ruby carpet and hearth's flame,
Lonesome draperies, somber; a haven
Room where Solitude's spiralling nausea
Shakes the very Foundation in Thunders;
Alas, yet midpoint in the Cluster peeps
A hint of Beauty, lo the full ordeal!
A centrepiece in alabaster whites!
Smell of wax, a flickering glow, fading;
The Bust intimates changes of Outlook
As Zeno hazards common cognition.
Across the lot in panoramic view,
Ireful Beelzebub slurs the fiddle;
Crimson shed, a viscous sheet down-pouring;
Brother Phobos attending to deafen—
Amidst hungry carnage stands a Tower,
The Figure of Salvation upon it,
A Feline Princess' delicate wending,
A wan statue herself of Crystal carved:
The Mourning Cloak fluttering far Beyond,
Unveiled, a macrocosm of Joys, wrung.
Venusian Belle formed of Heaven's foam,
Captivating the Dying from Onslaught;
A Violin sounding from a high branch,
Lamentations clear as Stillness' Song:
Goths may tread over his body expired
But Peace's Lyric for eternity
Resounds in the Martyr's Cavernous Soul.
For I, the string has yet another tinge:
Me whose high aim's a Perceptual Drink—
It drives me to the avant-garde; Xander,
Great Protector of these soldiers, and you,
Flawlessly Incised, of such perfection
Only Daedalus himself could design!
You are flaxen, of Arachne's weave; Silk
You, my Ariadne, threading the Plan:
Of no isle will you lonely weep in wait!
Each Other, plucked from the moving gridlock,
Desire met upon Desire, cured,
Monuments in the Modern City, Life;
Our tangled Web, for God: a Silver Youth!

IV ***Vespro:***

All our Voyages are Cities, are Minds,
His government fights over who was Right,
My Republic, a Serenissima;
Yours, a choir of angels and seraphs:
Monteverdi's Masses rest in St-Mark's,
Itself a Mosaic of Episodes,
Stories who transcend Time, told in Music,
Heard from across the Adriatic sea.
Daybreak shines in perfect Geometry,
Unlike Night with a candle's forged Lustre;
A Golden Age, surely of Titian's Three;
Belinni's Doge, more like a Plastic Doll!
From one Position, an Exhibition

I envision; the Wide Palette moving
From smallest Light to heaviest Darkness,
And the Range between both those Mountain Tops
I engrave into countless Creations,
Bleeding more with each new Canvas done with.
An Eternal Mission, to map and scheme
And make a Real Art, a Living Art,
To Unite the Seams of the rough Schism.
Since Nature is my library of thought,
I turn to Her so that I may conclude:
Across the Bridge that joins the Earth and Sky,
I see two lovebirds on the Forest's Edge,
Of two Hues, trapped in Repeated Folly;
Double shade, Manly Brown and Woman Green—
Him, a Hero skilled in Word, sought Love's Sooth,
And she, a swan, frozen still, swam crying:
Her tears were read, all her prayers answered!
No more Death, Woe, or Cities bombarded:
Venice scorns Attila Bonaparte!
The Anonymous ebon-gowned council
Returns to Vulcan Fire, Blacksmiths torn;
Down the Chasm, in Exile, in Fury,
Tumbling madly in a coil, enraptured;
Behold, an apparition, she's Mary
On the Tower, "Come play in the parade!
Of Perception, of Manhunt, or of Craft:
In war, skip near The Tree of Liberty!"

***

d)Reflight to Ithaca.

A simple structure, a nude woman finely sculpted in stone; she sits gazing at a statue of a man, seated and gazing unto her shapes. There is a play between the statues, the man sits similarly to Rodin's 'Thinker', except the guy isn't David or Caligula, he's more of a modern existentialist. The woman sits with mostly her back to him, they are several meters apart; the man-sculpture seems to be issuing a verbal expression of Thought, she smiles and her eyes glint, exposing her silhouette, her gentle curvatures.

When a moment lasts a lifetime. She's not blindly glinting, she knows and feels just as much as he does; two Crusaders meeting in the park, in a café; denuded in the name of Technicalities. Put clothes on them, put tables, stick the whole thing 30 yards away amidst a garden and an iron fencing; you sit facing it, on a green bench, you could just as easily be visioning a sword-fight between skilled Samurai.

There are many images, all interconnect. Biblical circlets. Cyclical brackets. Circuits, puzzles and abysms, miles of Mire, undergrowth of Tusk, basking in silence; a moon unifies the nightward horror striding seconds with mashed embassies of continuity. Silence pervades, Noises spill and pop, all evacuates to tranquillity in the end. Right evolution through the process of birth and life. Go, return to Z-field.

Intercrossing weaveworkings, cul-de-sacs; find the Hidden Center of Truth. Access denied, quite simply. Unless the fire breathes through you. Are you a warrior? The Sibyl of Cumes underneath the visible, I see a symbol; squares form the sacred mandala. Yu's step. Theseus' dance. The moon itself in a starry sky, who can deny the impact it has on the human brain? Imperial Geneticist, Court Geneticist.

That brings me back to the caves, finding the spot to whip out the toxic pigment, taste it, feel it on the tongue, spit it out onto the molten canvas, smelted, perforated, clansy, pug, rudders and climbing vessels of bounce on the surface; abysmally dark, bowels of Mount Florilegio in a burgundy leather book cover, miniature book, fits in a hand, with arabesques on the cover, embedded, embossed, worn at the edges, the sides of the pages laced with gold; old prayer book, old book to soothe the spirit at night, to blossom.

The path to the inner chamber is difficult; the trail to the mountain's peak is devious and hazardous when the incline steepens. Danger? Who are you to dictate my decline? I was a well when you were buckets descending; you were the house when I carpeted myself. Ezra pounds a war-hammer.

Cleaving believers of Justice's embrasure; ducks parting, leaving all colors behind: 'tis all an Abstraction. Impossible figurines; the Canonical Day and its forfeited hostesses. Transcending violent paganism, arriving at the gates with tissues a-pocket stickens. Temple of Serapis: 43 000 volumes in annex; what does Noah's raven see on his journey to find dry land? Lazarus is painting it clearly.

The bell tolling day and night for 30 days before battle, the *Martinella* or *Campana degli Asini* 'for greatness of mind, that the enemy might have full time to prepare himself'. *Ditie de Jehanne d'Arc* by Christine de Pisan…

"I, Christine, who have wept for eleven years in a walled abbey, where I have lived ever since Charles (how strange this is) the King's son—dare I say it—fled in haste from Paris, I who have lived enclosed there on account of the treachery, now, for the first time, begin to laugh…

In 1429 the sun began to shine again. It brings back the good, new season which had not really been seen for a long time—and because of that many people had lived out their lives in sorrow; I myself am one of them. But I no longer grieve over anything, now that I can see what I desire…

But now I wish to relate how God, to whom I pray for guidance lest I omit anything, accomplished all this through His grace. May it be told everywhere, for it is worthy of being remembered, and may it be written down—no matter whom it may displease—in many a chronicle and history-book [stanzas 1,3,7; pp.41-42]."

Man climbing Mount Suicide; dreams cavorting in the silence of Girl.
Mustafa Pekinese, delusion cresting Faustian Appalachia.
Reflight to Ithaca, Perusing; I have seen the rock on which night stands
holding a twisting body, both of us onboard The Great Ship Zion in unity;
signs, symbols, how about a knock on the door?
Is anything more visible than love when the door is open?
I like architecture
but the jargon eludes me,
the terms to describe its flamboyant intricacies.
Cycles & circuits, wan moon to fiery sun;
eye to eye, my love and I make supper of love's avalanches.
Dynamited rock on the highwayside where Cubism erupted.

All movements in art are inevitable.

1750, Clarkstown reformed church. The swaying arches marble-mouthed Dionysian,
orange, bleak *Tod und Stein* beneath the immaculate bridge in wayward coast of inlet belittle ends.

Comic mood, route to the seething matter train (what's the matter?);
light and dark at once, water, abundance of coated smog, city perfumes, rock and flesh's ambrosia…

She is my muse, a stringed instrument, she improvises and makes me cry
with her contemporary piano. She is the Air;
Her notes are molten lava, her heart the earth's core—
Melodic plainsong, thou art vigilant, virtuous,
thou canst escape passion—
you are passion itself,
and music, the base, an infrastructure,
mantle of my museum of prose.
With you, I can make art while sleeping.
Geysers flushing return into
the atmosphere; Let's take a tall glass of nothing
and dance agiggle till the bottom shoots
out from my unbosom boots—
or the soul flies out my maracas.
Sun city, plain as day,

celebration of obsoletist tendencies to reactivate primordial festivities—
Professor Mannahut astrutting his youth eyes in silent films of Bald Gotcha
tangled in a web of certitude about our uncertainty that legislates an onward move
into knowing just to forget again.
Roads lead to nowhere;
home is everywhere.
Towers: Babel, Omphalos, Pisa:
gardens of contentment fixed in rock;
Someday we can eat each others' graffiti like deer feeding on prairie grass—
a ranch, a gas station, Ithaca is a vehicle, a planet, an invisible stewardess
that pats my back when I gasp for air as I shrink into a teardrop
sliding down her perfect Venusian beauty—
those are not weeping willows yet…

My home is wheresoever my body lies.

At once I am comfortable in New York,
then in Montreal, on the same day,
I breathe the air with ungirdled lungs:
that is the same air the world over.

It is night now, dark as a crow's feather—
the city is luminous through the tenebrous plumage
of skyline and pavement;
trees in frail
post-winter tragedy—
but look at those arching branches,
birdless sagacity, proud—
one more bus to make it to my bed, an empty bed, no!
I am never truly alone.

Brigades in neon pluck, front of the luminary dive;
I forced myself to grasp the air, the nightingale in song.

Were I a knight, my sword in arm flexed would uncowardly point to the Northern Star
where a light at present tells me:
1)that I am still alive
2)that what we are planning
is as feasible as writing with a pen.

Reincarnation: unknown Renaissance technician.
Present incarnation: I am a flock of rainbows…

A withering milk
seeps through alms in a minute,
creating a bed.

A rose blurs itself finite.
Naked she feeds the moment.

***

Little houses, props.
wide blue river, rippled,
violet cavern of sky
[caravan in tan canvases]—
"Un petit sapin vert,"
it was ordained.

Redbrick Suburbia,
industrial zone in putrid smoke,
oil, and clanking machinery;
but in the bus, alas,
all but the rush of muffled sounds
and a lady singing
blessing us in cantatas—
"Be some, a two be needed of us, be some,"
She sings, unintelligibly.
I don't fear forgetting
and I don't fear remembering:
I don't fear miscellaneous confusion in between,
or a lady singing.
A pond across the highway winked at me with a thousand skiing shimmers;
a patch of grass, it's a multihued beard in soft palettes puppeteering:
Dynamite Gorge in Scorchfire Piccadilly: the sky whimpers in lustrous mustachios.

Artifices of the dental worker's artefact, a relic of Ishtar's aspic accolade; the river glade, an opulent, nervous anticorrosive, burgeoning; a close-knit petalwivery. Heaven forbid you should sacrifice a flower. The ice-cube laying on a burgundy face-cloth—steaming grey shapes, swirls, drifts meandering through the air; black background, sporadically psychedelic.

The Stainless, the Unwavering; I am Caligula on the bus, the clouds on the horizon liberate me: the only being with power over Caligula is Caligula. On the subway, voices are electronic banshee cries —pixel-formulated Picasso angelwhisker flame riots Divinely broken into streamlets connecting in disconnexia, executed with surgical precision, suspect skill and flouting bucolics of salmon.

A pastel framework for your story of Mountains. Arrows in the soil to tell my direction. The elements are fully fragmented blossoms of fire and keyholes. Chanting breeze hallowed, won of selflessness forthcoming from my spinal core, coiled in being a spire centuries old; a fenestral quality of entrance dug of inner quarries, blinded by black ink so that I see no truth in activities such as sitting, but in sitting I find Truth—ah, so from Without, it's all a great haze, but in the Seat of Doing, it flames in a perceptual blaze.

Either Chaos runs through vines or tribal punks, tattoos & spray paint; if it's a day of victory, it's a day for everyone. "Cradle, snapshot, scribble, clock episode, mole-scar, zonk, wacky TV pre-cast, sleepless nights, cocktails." Was there an advancement in the economics of speed, the mechanics of acceleration? Petrified by the Medusan locks of serial contingency—pockmarked, lucid dreaming.

Duelling flutes: Julius Caesar staged in 34 hands of an overcomplex card game. Indian statues ironclad in Lesbia. Little doorknobs on the whitesands waterside; Homer describes the waves as '*poluphloisboio thalasses*': a genius! To Virgil, horses: *quadupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*.

Jongleurs with a repertory of *ballata* and *canti*; the Benedikbeuern monastery in Upper Bavaria, retainer of the manuscript *Carmina Burana*. I realize my diction is pedestrian, I make no fuss of it, rather, I continue vexing the pledged allegiance blot, carousing in an infant's sweep, pudged aloof and ruddering a felt-wear. Bandannas ate my knot, I lost a fist in ancient waterwares. Lungfish to the draculant.

Dissolve, I dissolve you. We meet on the footfloor of a crowded bestiary slaughterground; motes closeted, finely distributed, lingering on a succulent food of grated, intravenous seclusion of air molecules hidden in the Atom's atom. Lilith putting next to the arcade; Adam sleeps in a bus stop.

Cossoming vampiress attitudes, shortshire shingles, roofs in clinching forests baffling military minds; Cerberus Big-Brain Clock: dins damn Don Juanita. Shirts off, closeness under supervision of the delinquent eye; cleanskin clear with milky morsels prim and quaintly dissevered from the physical acuity of wholeness assembled in brassen compartaments; a mint amends a mortuary's torpid *ad vivum* sin serenity.

Sots who fare well, digging moneybags for arsenals of Purity. Laugh, laugh aloud to the winter's boarding sorts, asking prude consent of the Legacy Remote. Masterkey in the keyhole door-unit, blanched, besmook, arterial in zodiacal madnesses, signing to the odor's bust: Arcadian fire in beheaded nooks.

Bearded livers, gross. You try to summarize nones, you speak of ides, it makes sense to no one. The ichor's milkiness. The ichnology of Jesus' footsteps. The ictus of my battering remnants. *La Tour de L'Horloge*, 1926, Montreal, in a parallel universe, right now, tickly tock.

The founding of Montreal, the only European city in North America; the Jacques Cartier bridge, statue on Mont-Royal in the park: the St-Lawrence river, Crescent street terraces, flowery fences, and *muy* bookstores. It's all very quaint and laughable when you're not in a war.

"Post reditum vero magistri nostri ad urbem, quos conflictus disputationum scolares nostri tam cum ipso quam cum discipulis eius habuerint, et quos fortuna eventus in his bellis dederit nostris, immo mihi ipsi in eis, te quoque res ipsa dudum edocuit. Illud vero Aiacis, ut temperantius loquar, audacter proferam, 'Si queritis huius Fortunam pugne, non sum superatus ab illo.' (Ovid, Metamorphoses, XIII, 89) Quod si ego taceam, res ipsa cla I mat et ipsius rei finis indicat." [Peter Abelard, *Historia Calamitatum*]

["Following the return of our master to the city, the combats in disputation which my scholars waged both with him himself and with his pupils, and the successes which fortune gave to us, and above all to me, in these wars, you have long since learned of through your own experience. The boast of Ajax, though I speak it more temperately, I still am bold enough to make: 'if fain you would learn now how victory crowned the battle, by him was I never vanquished.' But even were I to be silent, the fact proclaims itself, and its outcome reveals the truth regarding it."]

Franz Anton Mesmer on my stovetop. The black swirlicues, the immaterial whitenesses; I stare, fixed in hypnotism, at the stovetop and whimper: "Who loves me when the fridge's buzz is the only sound I hear?" You love you, sagacity-nibbler. Ever hear the Myth of Venus' Cast?

It was a secret for millennia. Everyone knew about it but no one spoke of it in public. It seems that during times of war, near a battlefield—to-day there is no battlefield, only paper and buttons—when Death is ample, the Statue of Grace makes appearance. The phenomenon is as irksome as bleeding Mary idols and finds no briefing in science that is acceptable. Experiences, on the other hand, state her reality.

She brings great joy and comfort to dying combatants in their final flashes. The calligraphy institute of the *Bibliotheca Alexandrina*. Battlefields are not only for death and blood. Holography loses just as many 'civilians'. Seminar. Delta.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, *Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.*"—Matthew 14:24—27]

Lotusland from right to left, a World of Thrones beneath my metalred; *Tohu, Bohu, Chashek* [the Formless, the Void, the Darkness]. *Daleth* blackdresser opening to the womb of creation. *Rekhyt* or Lapwing, people pinned down by their Napoleonic night of Fear and Doubt. *"Kramo bone amma yeannhu kramo pa."* St-Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, jade-roof, quadrupillars of the magni-entrance, tombstone windows, openings, Italian neo-classical Dome; the Jacques Cartier bridge at dusk like two lone tepees or pointed glaciers of Dark in the orange fog-light of Enlightenment. Notre-Dame Basilica, 1895.

Crusaders born in the wrong time. Laugh-enders, the corporate Wanda Beatrice; since sent september mordi bulbs, you were ortem, re-ordered the bog, made cents to unite a peptic sustenance: laugh at the bought plot, door Them, sent at the Setting, we saw them, you were insensitive, seconds in bored assembly members, ordinary horns, the song spine—Legends of the Maze in the Month of Remember—said forward, prefactory, redibules, ointed ones like carousing jetters in ink modules, centuries in five minutes of tornadoic usury—sought petals in an air-chamber, rivers made to recess Summer's Embers…

Anti-San Francisco movement of begotten prose, Anti in its Northeast pOlarity whereas San Frisco is more of a Southwest, begotten because it has been left, and a prose that is poetic, formulaic in some instances, definitely intricate rhythms, perhaps ultimately incapable of sticking to conventional logic, to grammar, that's alright by me, it's what I'm saying to myself at the moment, not the I that is the Eye, the I that is an I not I but II I, if you must, a persona, I, and why are we stuck here in the middle of a paragraph sitting and having a discussion about ANOSREP, building a corporation of prose niblets, chunks of words, they fit however you want to fit them, you can even cut them up easily when the words align nicely;

Who do we speak of? The ASD Movement with the Anos Representatives [*Anos* is a variation of *Anan*, Greek: *a cloud.*] We are the cloud, the Ministry of Nephos; we are the distant vistas who gaze at your Eye: *numerous dimensions, waves of light, something is present, something is not.* Broken barbwire fence, oldwood protruding, saggen wood, moïst, laughable till queen unions Crucify Death: old man death transfixed on a park bench, frozen in a wan stillness, petrified by the Medusan locks of physical reality, the visual percept mostly, disguises, I see the absurdist theatre of my heart projected onto the landscape of the park, simple yet miraculously wavering infinitesimal sparks and idle movements, troops of movements, little scant tricklets, modern rooms inching towards subversive confabulation; intrababbling, co-moderators crashing at the Maxim Center; hey, where'd I leave my Access Card, hey, hey, where'd I leave my Card?

Coffee tables, dismembered, the legs in a pile, chairs around the room in a circle, the Circularissima: co-tangent warp, singularity opposing the global rut of Maxine's laxity; I wouldn't edge it or Consume a Sibilant hissyfront, we need to finalize the retreat from quartal 79 in symmetry with puzzlet Ezra Daggader, months in the comfort of motorhomes relaxing. Clouds amok, ellipsoidal antipodes. II I Battle was lost.

We announced nothing and no one would have remembered anything anyway. Tracks bracketing my insipid luxuries. It never seems, no need to mend them. Receive the sender: "ah, you against?"

Now. A Grand Staircase in the Palace of Knossos, five flights leading to the Royal apartments. Professor Pazuzu found it there, the scroll, the Book of Fevers and Plagues. Two poets doing a cubist dance with their guitars as they pass them in the air to each other, one guitar down, the other up, then sideways swaying guitars at freak angles, contained within the unity of the gaze, together in a stairmaze of 5-flightering, we discover the root to the Flags of Dread waving molecules adrift great patterns extending obliquely sweeping through the entire omnidimensional Schism, the Crest of Deleterious Delirium is tasted on the lip of the transient follower, transient when we know death, the sickness of death whose groundwork embraces absurdity and revolt, disgust, mad rapture, disinterest, affliction, indifference, confusion, frenzy, vomiting, contortion of perceptual systems, static sound, a noise, a rush of flame, sound waves, waterfalls. That's the sound of your nervous system being activated, the thump is your heart bouncing at every freckle of existence, recontextualizing things visually manifest, sonic as well; every sense can be modified, we can add filters to the eyes to break things up in several different manners and styles: we have a cubist filter, a surrealist filter, an impressionist filter, a futurist filter, and many more, these being filters for Stimuli that is being Recorded and Digested by your Mind, your Intellect, your Brain, your Thought-Machine, your troops, rivers, chasms, abysses, limelight forgery in the licensed poolhall of Remorse… old café in an abstract expressionist filter for outflux in creation, unlike the other filters which sieve stimuli and warp it, this one is for outward motion of Statement, Voice, Being, Existence, Passion, Wisdom, the Unity, skies at dusk with orange highbeams spotlettered, a viscous bluegrey cloudbeard, puffal, instinct of proficiency; terrestrial spirits running through tallgrass, black funnels, tunnels, empty space, running in a field, nightfall has bedarkened everything, your sleeves are invisible, you see into the Shaft, the Manhole, the Mirror, the Window: five flights to finalize Da'ath, rectangles, zigzags, parallelograms. An arrow through To-day.

Indiglo has become a standard, grandfather clocks will come back in style and have indiglo, the glowing granpoppy clockwork running steadily branching out in geared dreardom, puzzlets math'maticular, long hand minutehand, slower one hour hand, branded band's antics, a core in Utopia, brazen bullfingers of aged forefather rug, hands out in minutes seconds aching hours of prototypical Unity-temperaments, compartmentalized in tragic acts on the screen of my Inner Film rolling in corrosive dystopia, now it's a shade that scares you at the left, your left, you turn and see a shadow waxen and Ifacar's dancing, you surrender to the mighty tornadoing of molecules in an *ars dramatica: Enam & Enan*, their fountains of *Ephah* [darkness].

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I see a Gothic Cathedral. There is a large circle in the center with little triangular, abysmic molecules of potraft petalling. More like crepuscular startlets of spidertones, little prrrick. Up there I see great towers of infinite sadness, like broken cement statues all piled up in scruffy nuts edifying themselves as they grow taller and stronger and wider and more beautiful.

Eshcol, *a cluster*. I see a screaming fandango dancer, I see a fruit bowl, a candle, and a skull, grim and sordid, Moloch in pencil. Grey tablecaverns, capered mystic in suspense; flowerdly to-do, inconsent dissy, modes upper left-field in perimeter: a global swarming of contingent intereventuals.

Cascades of twinge in blockboulders in silent caravan, the Circular Net, the Nativity of Christ above a giant hallway, grusk corridor, *tomate,* fluent in both languages, he dismisses his convent and tomfools in broodery.

A tattoo of a watch. Seams atorn of Bridges, patchwork logs in ironcast it-matteredity Enough to make it Unbreakable. The water beneath has angles of Discombobulation. The Cathedral is a gigantic pipe-organ, *il siffle: la morbidité d'un crâne sur une vieille table en bois, Acte deuxième*.

Desolation and misery in ellipses of hateful rhymes. A parachutist pearl of blood descending from heaven-on-high. At the Black Mass it hits the floor in Silence. Loops and flakes, red Mars battalion math, the regal conditioner of Waterfalls in Recognition, Act II. Simultaneous; *simultanément.*

[dialogos]

"Boule cauchemardesque, la geométrie du crâne, l'esprit n'est plus là, rien qu'une tache grise dans l'ambience Fumée Néantisante"

"I hear a rush, flushing tidal wasps curate my library of flux; hushing puddleweavers, a last plume of inner funnelling crowds the mountainside with ample puddles to behold in their movement of continuo;"

"Et ce regard fixe et absurde, la démence dans ces fleuves d'os morts, inerte, immobile, et sans vie, sans porte-monaie."

"Lashing in forensics,"

"Chinoiserie,"

"and a complex fraternity of…"

"fragilitas."

***

Maroon highways, lustrous in mires of mud;
Sequence of Movements diversified, a finale told in a shout:
Man Climbs Mount Oedipus Rex,
Swims the Million Mile Crucifixion,
Rows across Acheron, loses his wits, is a speechless speck
Floating as dustmotes, shrunken weather waves, eyedrinking.

Lone Clocktower, an abbess with open book, scribing the movement of the Shroud, living as recluse in the solidarity of solitude. She prays for all beings. Spheroid Circuits of the Meta-Brain Self-Reconditioning. Through the black ages of *le Délire visuel*, the visual delirium, wherein all is grotesque, the mist, the wood, oh I can tell you all about rooms with greatcarpets and sofas oozing with wovensilk aquilt, burgundy rugs, the chair in mahogany with a green cushion [the cushion has a print of The Infernal City by Alex Lavigne-Gagnon, Mont-Saint-Hilaire, 2000.]

I can tell you about dozens of Towers à la Montreal high-rise. Butterfly Night flying wings aflap churning with motor vacuity. A dozen lewd acts. Butterfly Perpetuo. The Menacing Solidity. Destined to remember the taste of Lemonade eternally. Angels doused slowly in carbon. Tales of sad nenuphars alay in a pond with prickly roses abushkt. Enough with Polaroid Jazz, let's issue malodorous belches.

Lear: "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!"

[William Shakespeare, King Lear, III.ii]

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Combative flames, snakes in flakes of fury!
Our rower Charon sleeps on Grace's Isles…

Staircase stuccowhite with ribbons, picture frames, a carpet sprawled lengthwise, nothing extremely distinguishing about it. You peer down the corridor, you face the mile, the final steps, feeding on every metre you've moved on across the threshold, now you return, you stumble, you fall, all is normal, it's always been that way for human beings;

It nauseates you, you feel sick with vertigo; moving miasma of fluid confusion in the hallway, the rotund arches smile-wide, the cursed drink of waving battlecries. "But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, *Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."—[Mark 10:14—15]*

dead-stone (tot-stein):

sweet and gracile Nora
attacks the melodic discordance
of nightfall as dark skalds
preach the coming of the dusk of time:
the twilight by which we shall be
cast down in gyres of hopelessness;
the noetic revolution,
the oasis of my heart:
a deep deserted cliff
lying by an open wind
by that of which so many see my heart.
shapes unsounded create
the noise of black holes;
sound is the image of a mother
banished from heaven
to barren lands (forlorn).
places left dry-unpopulated
portray unseemly profound explanations of wit;
the lagoon of wasted half-thoughts
portrays the ghastly fright of
being deserted by our loved ones:
the gruesome and gory nightmare
of paramount significance
ceases to recur
for the benefit of our godsend,
Nora the Benevolent,
saves us from merciless hegemony;
so sings our vorspiel of the waldgrave.
and the overture continues on
to state the beginning of a newer act.

***

Bright as a self-effacing strobe-light. You will hold me, J., and we will exist as one body under the stars in our deep hug, then I will have been inside you for a day and you inside me, in that instant visioning the world through the same set of eyes, in pure existential bliss, witnessing the goddamn golden eternity that Kerouac so spake of in his verses of ear-to-pen cognition as universal draftsman of Time and Places appearing-disappearing… have no fear, my gentle rosepetal, 10 years will not go by without the Us meeting… We will meet, I pledge allegiance to the Rag of Man, his invisible menstruation which dishevels him and makes him teary-eyed, the puzzled quirks of his emotional grand-prix car-races unexpected and in consort with the PMS ministry of blues and pinks and halos crepuscular… to brief cataclysms of yowsers, I-gotta-gos, and no-no-the-dance's-too-slow… the primordial Flood, rivers of Milk and Blood, rudders shuddering in my ug painting flowerlet, prisms inching to the Moor's door, heathery discovery, violet stargrazing of the iris in ponderous pursuit of seedy broils, the bowl's boiling clad in spuck and mints bubbly… I pledge allegiance to my 'sufferers asmile' status, to my gestures of tender biscuit kindness, chocolaty and warm, to the sugary sweets of friendship and intertwining H2O globules in the human vessel, rain, waters unrelenting, a moon consuming: a thousand year voyage with a J. hug portrait in the middle.

Climbing the mountain juxtaposed with the falling pearl of blood, in Absurdist dialogue. Open the book of Discovery, aim your gaze and spin your ideological yarns, your weavisms in unbelief, the

somber draperies echoing off the wall, windows bankrupt of solidity, smashed into a marmalade of pieces:

all spires grey untwisting,
years of broken sundry petals in stone—
never will I forget the dungeon math,

the atomic shudder of whimsy
and our chance meeting
under the pine with bouquets

of blankness and soft creation
positively naked with milk and blood
and a dragon of mouths uniting clumsily.

Architecture seems to have made a new entrance in modern times; poets want to talk about it, from the picturesque to modernist verses. William Gilpin says, "It is not every man who can build a house, that can execute a ruin. To give the stone its mouldering appearance—to make the widening chink run naturally through all joints—to mutilate the ornaments—to peel the facing from the internal structure—to show how correspondent parts have once united, though now the chasm runs wide between them—and to scatter heaps of ruin around with negligence and ease; are great efforts of art."

Venice, you had your heyday, your fun, now you lay waste; Venice of my enlightened brain, Venice of my visionary estate, my continents in strewn tenets yielding to the force of my Activity, of Will, of Thrust and Brewing, of Jutting, of Creation through Desolate Bombardment of the Snarled and Inextricable!

Bridges, all is known through their arousal of my spirit; their moldy *verde* steel, age-ravaged and dissolute in forlornness, Sublime in its execrable Backward [dark]. Black-motes created and enveloping the bleached sheets, the paper's wan canvas with dark ink structures, grinding, harsh, incessant. "Ever unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwellingplace; and labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day."—[I Corinthians 4:11—13]…

And Sigismundo got up a few arches,
And stole that marble in Classe, "stole" that is,
Casus est talis:
Foscari doge, to the prefect of Ravenna
"Why, what, which, thunder, damnation????"
[Ezra Pound, Canto IX]

Ruin and Cacophony, bound at last, in just conclave meeting with diffidence. Let the spirits rumble, let the jets spray forth in confident abscess, proud of dining on muddy bark from oaks who thunder earthward, Galatians! oaken brothers falling! clash! broken meat of nature, sizeably descending in blustering bowels, down to the turbid floor of Ooze and Folly's sputter…

Lear: "Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, nor wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, you unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!"

[William Shakespeare, King Lear, III.ii]

One more step to arrive at the Apex, Zenith, Pole of all existences. War rages, blood is a subterfuge; we are calamitous beyond all belief, we stroll towards death with grim smiles, chagrin on our breath and breast, we moan: "Hear ye, sons of bleeding aftermaths, watch the swollen pearl bubblet in singular downpour; meet the highest of the high in your stumbly crawl! touch Behemoths!"

Ezra da Gabel. Visions of the immaculate ending in horns and Tusk, severed from the ancient city of Paragon, silken bedsheets of Supremacy. Decline not, you senseless proven, drag not your feet, keep prying the lithograph, in awe and contention for the profoundly altering, for the *Abgrund.*

What seest thou? Nothing. Offensive nothing, connoisseur of nothing, the nothing hoax, inebriated nothing. Brackets aleapfly, fluttering banality in consummated fire ["When you're relishing solitude, look for me in the crowd around you; when the choir sounds, I'll be singing."]. A. rests.

Painter's open channels to the supernal. Cézanne's "Pommes et Oranges", girt on Perspective, a mean joke on Planes. Subdivide, curate the litigant hero, he's one step beyond me, I'm a flower in his bedrest, he's a clock trying to make amends with neutrality; I win, he soothes the crayoned market of Glass: those who know a flawless composition, like Cézanne's, will better appreciate the All and the Every.

A's finale. Transcending minutes, seconds, the clockwork of indifference, faces grievous, distressing, reaching out for Heaven and falling flat on their kisser, in the dirt, the soiled mossfloor, *gazon*, grassland and a lone minaret in the field of battle. Grasping the craggy stone, pulling oneself one flight higher. "Once atop the canyon, I can view the infinite Naught and vista of the superlatively Haggard!"

Quilts for mansionmen, drought on the sinister landscape. Patience breeds warts on diligence. Blood rains in a sanguine afghan on the pulp of the alabaster Model. Lazarus laughs with his final brushstroke. Jesus: "Lazarus, I take offence!" Lazarus: "Jesus Christ, have patience, I'm coming out!"

A cup of still coffee. A banshee tablecloth, white bowl with a Parthenon stack of oranges. Montreal flat with awkward roomcorners. Reap your guerdon! The Garonne and Dordogne forming the Gironde Estuary. Hollowed gourds in *pianissimo* bop. Unravel the Eye in *la Espuma!* Tranquility!

Cro-Magnon's Opus. Sulphurous and bleak in vision. *"Jeanne, ceçi est ma ditie; c'est un cauchemard et toi tu es la mère de mes Rêves, ma Reine."* Altogether now: I have read through the pool of blood, I've met pretty faces and discovered nothing; a meaningless book, eventless, dead.

The cult which led me to that place,
A devil hooked on just romance;
My sister bled with solemn grace:
A flower still and yet to dance.

I'll never finish. There IS meaning: 8 years, a thousand songs, 3 million words, a truckload of paintings. The Heart's Secret Theatre. Subways, gravestones, cafés and street terraces; bouquets, drizzling mist, a cove of angels; chariots, Vandals, the freak appearance of a mad biker and now the *hippocampal convolution* [gyrus hippocampi] in the Limbic lobe: for what purpose? A shallow, sallow shriek and sob:

grnnh! rrnnh, pthg. *[Ezra Pound, Canto IX]*

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THE END

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